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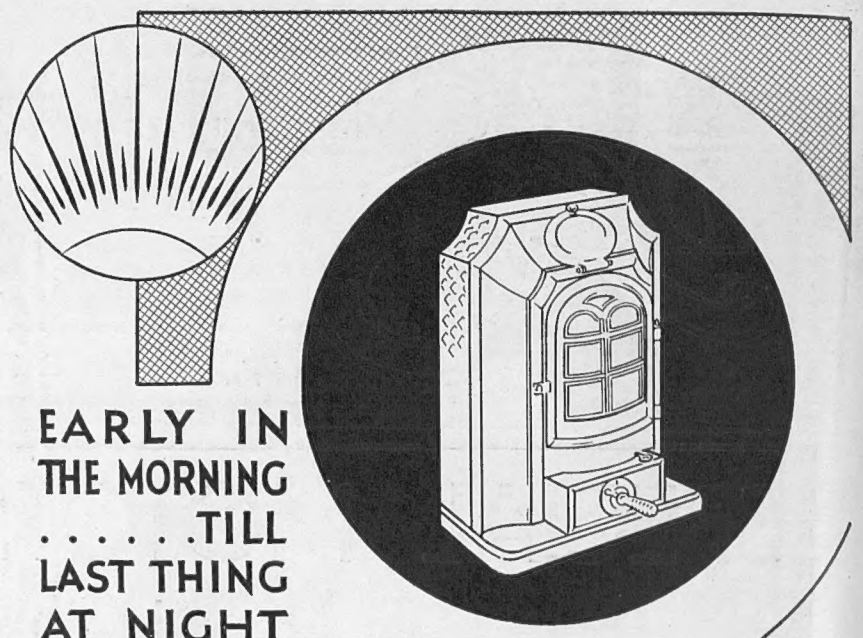

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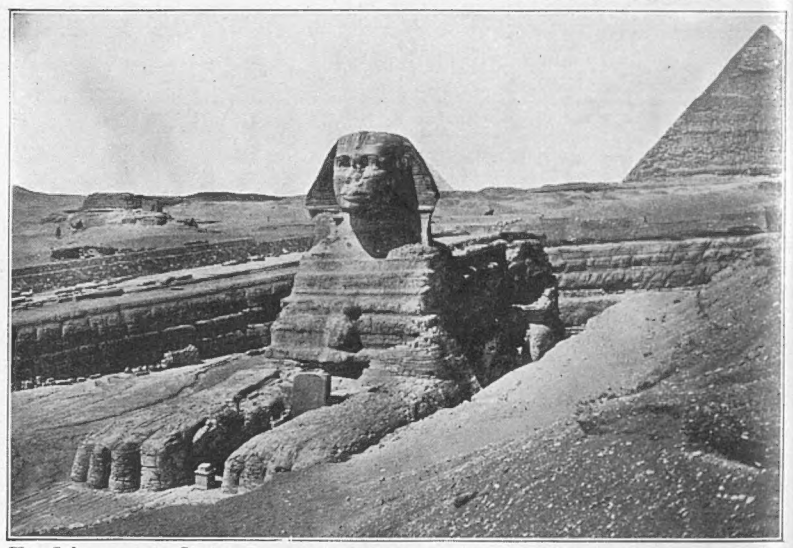

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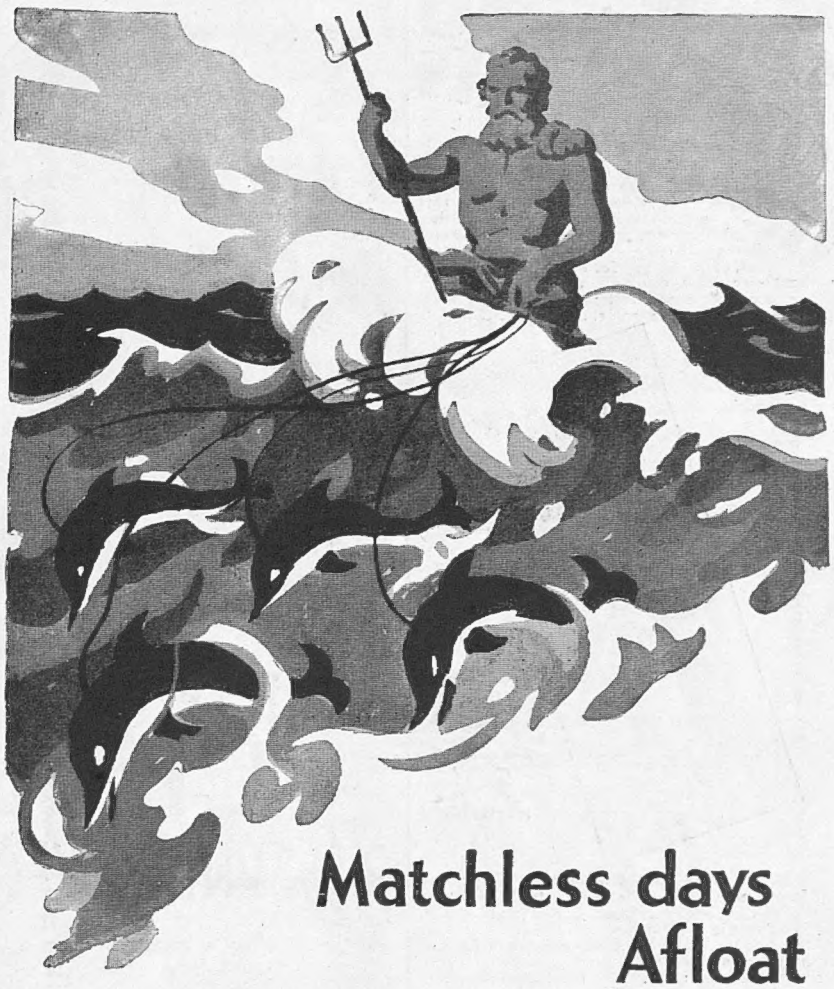

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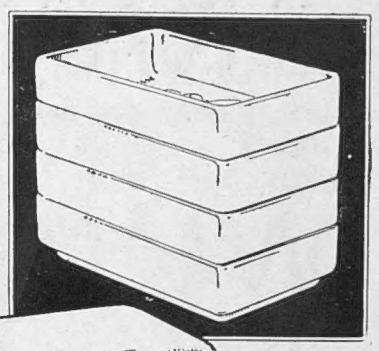

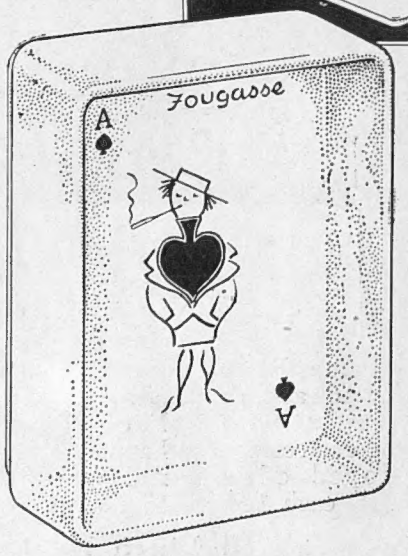

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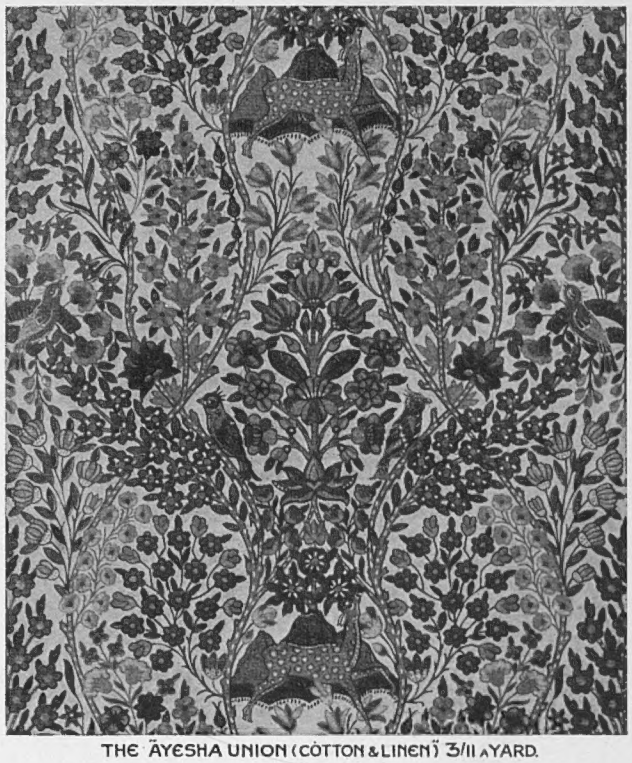

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ELECTION PUBLICITY

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The country is in the throes of Election Fever—and small wonder, for the succession of crises which have been our daily diet for some weeks are fast approaching a grand climax, wherein a simple choice between survival and extinction, between success and bankruptcy, between order and chaos, is presented to the electorate. Trade is waiting for the word to advance

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346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 14, 1931

A London Newsletter

No Coupons.—No coupons in a National appeal to the country implies a terrible lot of arrangement, of compromise, of individual sacrifice for the common good. But sacrifice for the common good is the order of the day, and the cup must be drained to the bitter dregs by the taxpayer, the working man, the unemployed, and the tax-paying and ambitious candidate for Parliament. The issue is so clear that those streams of letters which appear daily in *The Times* and those gallons of platform verbiage read like schoolboy paraphrases of the sense of an argument broadcast from the master's desk. "Put into your own words the phrase 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus,' or 'Paul or Apollos,' or 'life or death,' or 'freedom or slavery.'" The dilemma is so clear to the man in the street, who can use his mind, that it must surely glimmer in the consciousness of political candidates. It is a time for sacrifice to achieve salvation. In every constituency the best man available must be given a clear field on which to defeat the one-eyed giant of trades union dictation. Be he Conservative, or Liberal, or Socialist, so long as he embraces broadly a National Programme to save the Constitution, as the ever-changing situation may demand, he must have the support and blessing of his rivals of happier times.

That Churt Visit.—It's ancient history, now that we are all down with election fever and toying with our constituents, but still it sticks in the throat — that visit of the overwrought Premier to the Man of Destiny at Churt. Remorseless logic condemned the act, while justice praised the infinite patience and humility of the Premier in his endeavours towards national unity. For (to set out the argument) Mr. MacDonald's conversion, which brought about the National Government, was a belated admission that since the grave warning note sounded in February the Labour Government had criminally wasted time and gambled with opportunities. It was an admission that those six months of Parliament's time, wasted over Land Valuation and election motor-cars, represented an irretrievable disaster due to crass selfishness and blind folly. Every statesman of every party heard that warning. One man among them, all those months, was in a position, first to judge coolly, and secondly to end that insane delay —Mr. George. Whatever his motives, he did not end it. He sought by all means to prolong it. Whatever his past achievements, nothing on earth can ever excuse that failure. Whatever he was, he is not to-day a statesman and patriot. Therefore, the seer or wizard of Churt was not worth a pint of petrol. It was a humiliation to our already humiliated politics that Mr. MacDonald sought him out. It will be a national humiliation if he is suffered to be a power or deciding factor in the election or after. Mr. George is gallantly winning back his strength after a grave illness bravely borne. For this we are glad, for this we admire him. But politically it is impossible now to extend him sympathy or admiration.

A Simple Issue.—The citizens, as I say, accepted their conversion and forbore to arraign the post-war politicians. The issue was simple and remains so. The country is in dire need, is in the throes of its worst crisis. It must be saved. Nothing but a National Government, a national effort, can do it. The past must be buried, party considerations must be dropped, and sane Britain must combine against insane Britain. Some believe that the principles of free trade are still sound political economy. Well and good. Some believe that tariffs are the way of salvation. Well and good. There are many who believe that blood sports should be abolished, and that the Pyramids are documents deserving of serious study. Well and good. These and other hobbies can be pursued in times of peace and safety and plenty. At the moment the citizen sees a score of vital tasks crying out to be done, as the ship of State drives on to the rocks, and cannot even now conceive what madness prompted the captain and his mates to wrangle on the bridge over rival theories of seamanship. Is it conceivable that these men still believe that their individual political principles will be seriously examined by the historian of the future, or that they themselves will be one day ranged for comparison with the statesmen of the past? The whole bunch of them have since the War been dishonoured by the grim logic of results. It may be, of course, that some of them will retrieve their reputations gloriously. We are to give them a mandate and an opportunity to do so.

A Prophecy.—Reading between the lines of Mr. Baldwin's manifesto and taking note of the present trend of Imperial and domestic politics—India once more crying out for a firm hand, home government disintegrating into a mere flabby resistance to trades union dictation—one can see that the last great reaction towards our ancient Conservative and Imperial ideals was, but for the financial crisis, ripe to begin. Mr. Baldwin must have led this last effort and he has perforce stood aside. That great effort has as its prime object a supreme effort to regain our lost faith—faith in our genius for governing wisely and impartially, faith in our administrative ability, courage in our convictions. It was that faith and courage which built up the Empire and gave us our financial and industrial supremacy in civilization. It dealt justly and with a strong hand with all peoples in our comity of nations not yet ripe for self-determination, and while it governed for the people at home it suffered no dictation by the people. It was never terrified by threats nor swayed by clamour. It was the genius of Palmerston and Disraeli. There is a blank page in our history book reserved for that last reaction, that last attempt to retrieve the one unique quality of our race which only the Romans possessed in any comparable degree. The ideals of true Conservatism and Imperialism will have one more trial. The ideals of international brotherhood must wait on the tardy footsteps of primary education. That is the real post-War lesson, so bitterly learned. Before the coming five-year mandate runs out, there will be many conversions of faith and many changes in the Government. It may well be that by the force of circumstance some of the Conservative and other leaders in the new National Government will help to lead that last great effort to regain our faith in our native genius, and the courage and dignity that go with that faith.

India in Statu Quo.—Stands India where she did? Unfortunately, yes. The age-old problem, the claims and rivalries of her warring communities, is no nearer solution. The Minorities Committee has utterly failed to reach agreement, and that committee was the heart of the conference. Did anyone seriously believe it would succeed? Not Gandhi, certainly. He expressed his sure belief in failure at the port of Bombay. Not any representative of any shade of opinion in India, for such an one knew India. Did any British Minister seriously expect a happy issue? No, not even allowing for his total ignorance of that portion of our Empire. The British Minister has long since learned the sole sweet uses of a conference—to mark time, to ward off pressing trouble for a few months. The conference is the political umbrella which keeps the remorseless hail of trouble, the rain of unshared responsibility, from the uneasy heads of Government. And that umbrella is the most expensive luxury article now on the market and is purchased by outrageous deferred payments. Gandhi has had his European trip, has seen the havoc which India at her sweet will can wreak on Lancashire, has tasted the sweets of Western publicity, and will return to the East like a giant refreshed with all his weapons intact.

Grow Old Along with Me.—Bankers are not infallible. It is a maxim which someone (was it Mr. Henderson?) recently recalled. But when the other day I opened the Monthly Review of the Midland Bank and read therein an extremely clear and comforting article on the Suspension of the Gold Standard, I was easily persuaded that this was an example of banking infallibility. The author declared positively that "the worst is over; the best is yet to be." Admitting that the vital need is a recovery of buying power by a universal rise in prices, the Midland Bank sees no ground for panic nor despair through our suspension of the Gold Standard, which may be a turning point from world slump to recovery. For the act of suspension did instantly accomplish one vitally important thing. It taught America and certain European countries at long last that civilization is one and indivisible, and that international collaboration is the instant need. We are nearer cancellation of War debts and a big measure of disarmament than we could have hoped to be in five years without this crisis.

Two Noble Lives.—Death has taken prematurely two men whom it was my privilege to know more and less intimately and my pleasure to admire. Caryl Lyttelton, who died at the early age of forty-four, was the type of man whom the Church welcomes with thankfulness. For wherever he went, with his fine presence, his handsome face, his charming smile and his frank humour, religion became attractive, a living force to comfort and to inspire. He was the perfect type of English gentleman, educated on the cricket fields as much as in the classrooms of Eton and Cambridge and in the wider pupil-rooms of cultured society. He loved the world and gladly put the world away, working for the great part of his ministry in Hackney Wick and Hawarden, where he was able to bring a dazzling light into the humble homes of thousands who sat in darkness. Lord Henry Bentinck died, too, in the fulness of his vigour, a romantic figure, a mass of enchanting contradictions. When the game of "derivatives" was the fashion, Lady Diana Cooper coined for a friend of mine the brilliant derivative "by a Die-hard out of a Dryad." It fits Lord Henry exactly. He was half dreamer, half fox-hunting squire; at once an incurable Tory and a visionary of Socialist Utopias. Ardent democrat, he was the very essence of the great aristocrat of the nineteenth century. He too loved the world and the pleasures of cultured society and found time to enjoy them amid a ceaseless round of public and social and humanitarian services. Nature brought it about that both of these men should reveal to the world by remarkable beauty of face and form the grace and beauty of their characters and souls.

By courtesy of Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., Philatelists

THE BRITISH GUIANA CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS MARKED BY THE ISSUE OF A NEW SET OF STAMPS: The early stamps of British Guiana rank very highly with collectors as perhaps the most sought after and rarest stamps of the world. That valued at 2 cents—a rose-shaded stamp—increased to the value of £4,000 in the catalogue. Some of the stamps of the first issue were printed on the commonest soft paper used for wrapping sugar—the "Primitives" of Philately. A magenta I cent stamp has only one copy known and was bought for £8,000. The centenary stamps were, as usual, printed in London

Lord Byng's Successor.—The choice of Lord Trenchard to succeed Lord Byng is a sound one. It establishes the official view that now and for some time to come the leadership of the Metropolitan Police is an office not much less important than that of a fighting service. Lord Trenchard is the man who above all others built up the Air Force and organized the air staff, two notable achievements swiftly and efficiently performed. In that task he revealed a strong and independent character in his dealings with politicians, and a fine power of leadership over the personnel of the force. He is a man whose strength of character and probity are fully attested in his face and habit. He is 58 and in full vigour, and is one of a circle of fine fighting men and proved administrators, one of whom is his brother-in-law, Sir Roger Keyes. His home is conveniently near London at Barnet, from which it is to be hoped he will not be urgently summoned at all hours of the day and night during the coming winter. Whether or not, it is a comfort to know that in Lord Byng's successor all his stronger characteristics are reproduced.

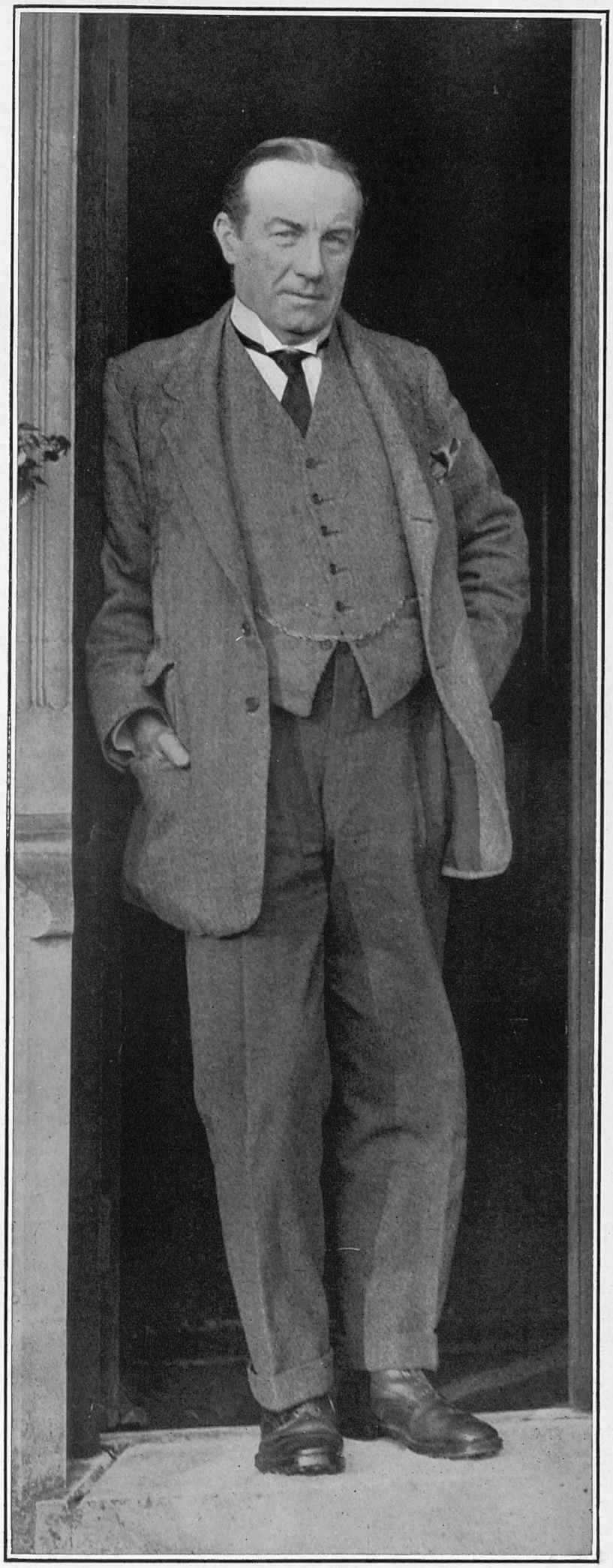
Olympian.—The Motor Show is upon us. For hope springs eternal, and the Austin Company at any rate has given a fillip to the old maxim that all is not lost while faith and pluck remain. Two or three months ago I was lightheartedly declaring my certain belief that, to almost everybody capable of buying a car still capable of travelling, motoring is not a luxury but a positive economy. And albeit my small capital is tied up in railway securities, and though the world has been transformed in three months, I still stand by what I say. For the family man, with the post-War nervous system, which demands change, recreation, fresh air, and fresh scenes, the private car is a positive saving. My friends around me are all talking of laying up (since they cannot sell) their cars. Not so I. Though I cannot visit the Show this year except as a fraudulent dead-head, I add my testimony to the worth and workmanship of British manufacturers. The thing is foolproof. I own an eighteen-months-old mass-produced 6-cylinder sunshine saloon. It has carried me 15,000 miles at the average of 24 m.p.g. and 35 m.p.h. without a puncture, without an involuntary check, on every kind of road, in every kind of weather. When you are more or less forced to travel you would be foolish to scrap the vehicle which will take three of you and all your luggage to the North of Scotland and back, by devious roads and to a dozen different houses, at a total cost of £4 10s., throwing in a colour panorama of romance and delight every mile of the journey. Keep the car habit whatever befall, though roads crumble and taxes double. Go to Olympia and ear-mark your next car.

British Bulbs.—Naturally we wish to be in the movement and to buy British. We happen to be besides keen gardeners with little money to spare towards our luxury hobby. For two years we have purchased our bulbs from a Dutch firm whose quotations for tulips and hyacinths were lower by more than 50 per cent. than any British competitor. The bulbs sent us gave us each year a 100 per cent. of successes. Accordingly we sent to an English and a Scotch firm the current Dutch quotations and asked each of them to quote us in the same lines against these prices. The Scotch firm thanked us for the chance and, while admitting the difficulty of competing, promise us their best at precisely the Dutch quotations, with slightly lower prices for daffodils. The English firm (perhaps the most famous establishment in the country) truculently replied that only rubbish could be got at the Dutch quotation and offered us similar lines in some cases over 100 per cent. above the Dutch prices. To *dénigrer* a competitor is bad business always. In our case it seemed inept and merely petulant. We are buying Scotch this autumn.

THE OLD STAGER.

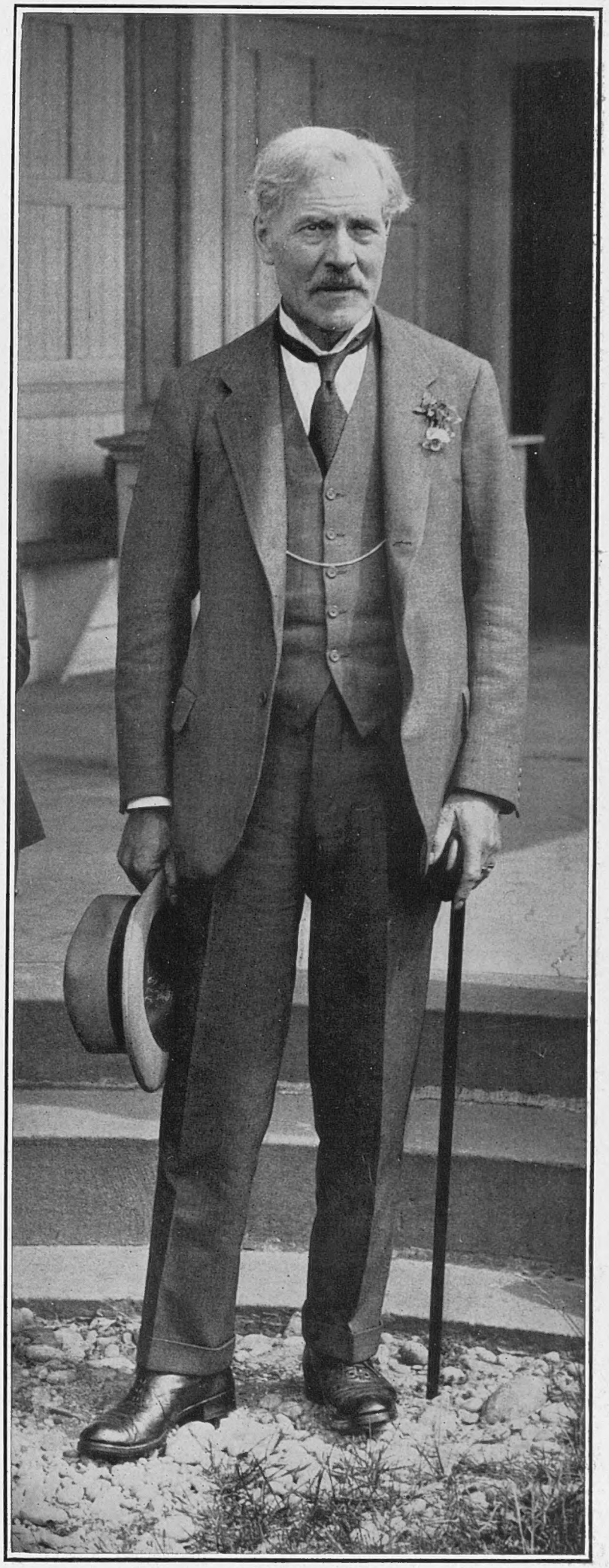
NONE *for the* PARTY : BOTH *for the* STATE

Messrs. Stanley Baldwin and J. Ramsay MacDonald—the Leaders of Two hitherto Diametrically Opposed Parties—Unite to Form a Genuine National Communion wherein the Lords and the Commons, Conservatives and Labour, may Join Hands and Efforts to the Salvation of their Country



THE RIGHT HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, the ex-Conservative Premier, now the loyal supporter of the new National Party led by his former rival

"Unless we balance our trade, nothing can save us from ultimate bankruptcy.
"In my view, a tariff is the quickest and most effective weapon not only to reduce excessive imports, but also to enable us to induce other countries to lower their tariff walls.
"Farmers must be secured against dumping by prohibition of imports, quotas, or duties."



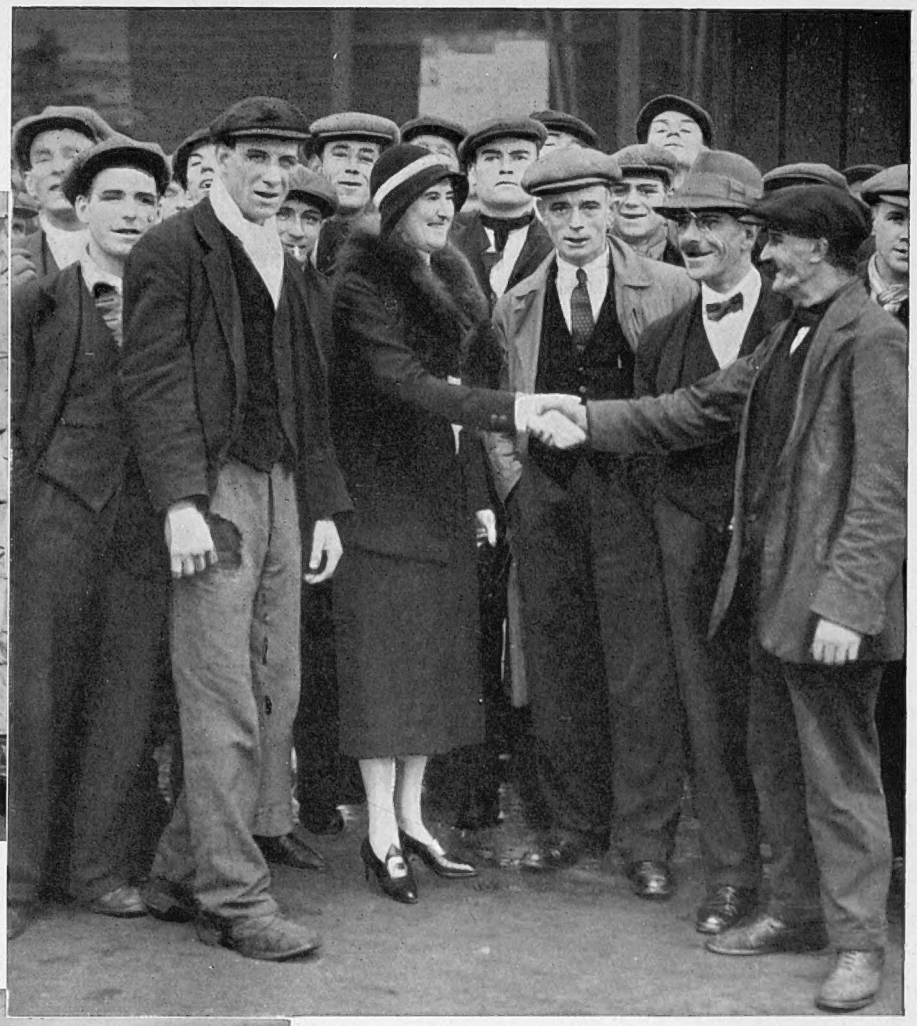
THE RIGHT HON. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, the ex-Labour Premier, now the acclaimed leader of the new National Party

"A monetary policy which will establish sterling in confidence and authority.
"Tariffs, expansion of exports and contraction of imports, commercial treaties and mutual economic arrangements with the Dominions.
"A willing co-operation between all political parties . . . until we have brought the country out beyond these cloudy days."

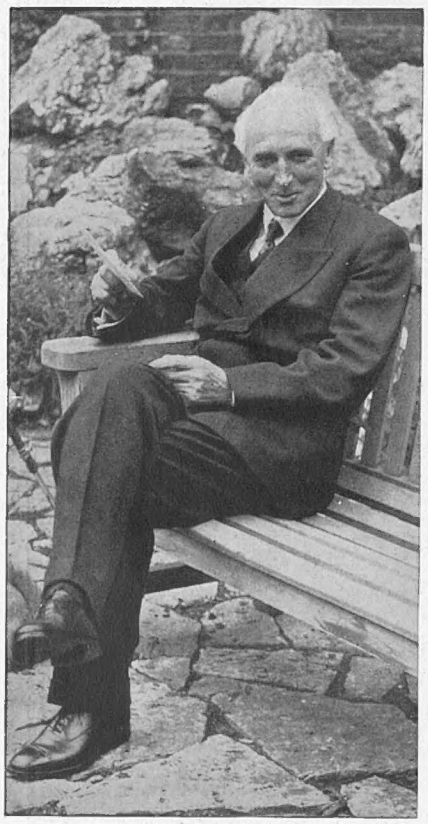
ELECTION BOUND

The Country Prepares for a Stern Struggle

APPEALS BY THE THOUSAND: Stacks of posters and literature to be disseminated throughout the country are here seen being loaded on trucks. This material emanates from the Conservative Central Office and will be placarded on every available wall



STORMING BERMONDSEY: Mrs. N. C. Runge, the prospective Conservative candidate for the Thames-side constituency, "gets acquainted" with some of her supporters during the lunch hour



THE LEADER OF THE LIBERAL RIGHT: Sir John Simon poses for a talkie in the garden of his Addison Road house

A FAR FROM BRUMMAGEM WELCOME IN "BRUM": Mr. Stanley Baldwin greeted with vociferous acclaim at Snow Hill Station, Birmingham, where he opened his election campaign

THE LEADER: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald chats with the residents of Haswell

THE RE-OPENING OF THE LAW COURTS: The Justices of England parade through the streets after attending service in Westminster Abbey—an annual function after the Long Vacation. Each judge is attended by a clerk. The Roman Catholic judges attended Westminster Cathedral. The impressiveness of robes and full-bottomed wigs struck a note of the now alien spacious days in modern, utilitarian, industrial London

THE PROTESTANT POSTMAN: One figure in the Post Office demonstration in Hyde Park against cuts in pay. Imaginary honours on his breast, he carried a lantern inscribed "Lead, Kindly Light"

MANCHURIA: BRUNSWICK

War-like Scenes from two Disturbed Areas in East and West

JAPAN ON GUARD: Sentinels patrol the railway near Mukden. The troops of Empire of the Rising Sun are firmly established in the Chinese dependency, and there seems little likelihood of their withdrawal from the position — brilliant at once for offence and defence — they have assumed

JAPANESE H.Q. IN FOREIGN TERRITORY: The entrance, with a Japanese soldier on guard, in Mukden. It would seem that the implied threat of the intervention of the League of Nations has little force to stay the strong hand of Japan. Pourparlers, are, however, in train, as we go to press

Above on left—*THE FASCISTS OF GERMANY: A dense throng of Nazis in Brunswick—the fire-eating section of Nationalists led by Hitler, who regard monarchy, Communism, and Jews with equal detestation and distrust, and wish to animate Germany with all her pre-War arrogance. Herr Hitler was "granted audience" of President von Hindenburg a few days ago—and it was conjectured that he was given a rap over the knuckles by the veteran Field-Marshal for not keeping in stricter order his firebrand following. The attitude of the Nazi element to the new patchwork Government of Dr. Bruening is yet decisively to appear*

IMPRISONED IN THEIR OWN CITY: Chinese prisoners held in Mukden after capture in a Chino-Japanese action. Attempts are being made in Geneva to settle the dispute without further recourse to arms — attempts in which M. Briand and Lord Reading join. Japan is, however, so powerful — her military position so secure and her armament so effective that it is doubtful if the Empire of the Rising Sun has anything to fear from the League. Land-hunger and desire for dominion are animating the whole Japanese nation

WOMEN *in many varied* SPHERES

A Sextette of Interesting Feminine Events and Personalities

THE RETURN : Miss Elissa Landi, the British film star, who found fame in Hollywood, and her husband, Mr. John Cecil Lawrence, return to England on board the liner, Ile de France

AN ENGAGEMENT : Miss Bay Davies, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Davies, and the granddaughter of the late Sir Horatio Davies, and Mr. Edward Hodgson of the Welsh Guards, grandson of the late Sir Frederick Price

ON THE TOWPATH : The Women's Amateur Association Regatta at Hammersmith last week-end brought out a number of ardent enthusiasts. All day long during the week-end, races took place on an up-river stretch from the new clubhouse

IN THE ROLE OF BAPTIST : Princess Olga of Jugo-Slavia names the Dubrovnik, *the largest and most powerful flotilla leader ever built in Britain. She was built to the order of the Jugo-Slavian Government by Messrs. Yarrow and Co. at Scotstoun. Princess Olga was accompanied by her husband, Prince Paul*

AN ENGLISH VICTORY : Miss Joyce Wethered (at whose return to classic golf competitions every one, even her victims, rejoices), Mrs. Garon, Madame Munier, and Madame Vagliano during the Franco-British match at Oxhey in which Britain won by 8½ events to ½

THE CREAM OF CANININITY : Poodles in the ring at the seventieth exhibition of the Kennel Club Show held at the Crystal Palace last week

THE VOICE OF THE WOMAN IS THE VOICE OF THE MAJORITY: A scene in the Conservative Central Offices, Westminster. Visitors of the more numerous sex regard the new Election posters

The WOMAN'S Election

A Past Chairman of Parliamentary Lobbyists Considers the Great Part Women Will Play in the Vital Struggle Soon to be Waged: As Candidates, as Helpers in a Variety of Activities and, Above All, as Voters

By CHARLES T. KING

Women Voters on Old Register, 15,614,947
Men Voters on Old Register, 13,908,745

A striking feature of the present General Election is the enormous activity of women. They see that this election strikes right into the home. Also they are fighting the big issues like men. There are more women electors than men and they are taking a keener interest in the issues and a larger share in the contest than ever before.

On the electoral register which has just expired (the new register of voters came into force on October 15) the number of men voters was 13,908,745 and the number of women voters was 15,614,947. Therefore there were over 1,700,000 more women on the voters' register than men and there have been great increases since.

Women are in the fight this time in the following capacities in addition to that of candidates: (1), canvassers: (2), check-tellers at polling stations; (3), helpers in clerical work; (4), cycle corps speed girls; (5), smiling literature distributors; (6), free chauffeuses; (7), window card and poster exhibitors; (8), conveyance lenders; (9), winsome car borrowers for poll day; (10), messengers by push-bike or motor-cycle; (11), shorthand writers for reporting the enemy's meetings and bringing back the principal election lies or blunders or weak arguments; (12), platform speakers [indoor]; (13), soap-box, factory-gate, market-place, and pleasure-resort speakers; (14), amazon stewardesses and feminine chuckers-out for rough meetings; (15), tracers of voters who have removed; (16), hecklers of opponents at big meetings.

Nearly all the fifteen women who sat in the recent Parliament (where, by the way, there was one woman to every forty men) are putting up for re-election. In addition, both sides in the contest are putting fresh women candidates into the field. There are many parties or groups, but after all there are only two sides in this fight, namely, National Government v. The Rest.

To take first a few interesting and remarkably able candidates on the National Government side, to indicate the sort of women who are standing.

Miss Thelma Cazalet is small in stature, but it is a treat to see her deal with hecklers. Like many of the women now in the political fight, Miss Cazalet has had a rich experience in public work — Board of Guardians, Parish Council, Rural District Council, L.C.C., and travels in Canada, Palestine, Egypt, and in South Africa, where she acted as lady-in-waiting to Princess Alice. She is fighting East Islington as a Conservative, and shines on tennis and tariffs.

Miss Catherine Gavin, M.A., is another typical example of the equipped woman. She is only twenty-four. She has been awarded a Carnegie scholarship in history and has made many Conservative speeches in Scotland.

An ancestry in public life could be claimed by Miss Marjorie Graves, Conservative, who is fighting South Hackney, for her grandfather was M.P. for Liverpool. She went to Paris for the Peace Conference as a member of the Foreign Office staff, and has been secretary to the Intelligence Department of the Home Office.

Another interesting woman candidate is Miss Florence Horsbrugh, who is fighting Dundee. She did magnificent service during the War, and since then has worked untiringly with Lady Haig for the British Legion.

Miss Mary Pickford (not the film star), Conservative candidate for North Hammersmith, is the gifted daughter of Lord Sterndale, a former Master of the Rolls. During 1916–17 Miss Pickford was a temporary factory inspector under the Home Office. Afterwards she became a member of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

The cradle and the crèche are of course linked up with the women's fight in this election, for women strive hard for new laws and regulations for the benefit or suggested benefit of the wife, the mother, and the child. Mrs. Runge, who is fighting Rotherhithe, London, served for many years on the Committee of Fulham Crèches. She has worked hard in the East End.

Are husbands properly fed?

Mrs. H. B. Tate, who is fighting West Willesden, London, as a Conservative, makes a strong point of this question. "Half the problems of discontented homes would be solved if women thoroughly understood cookery," says Mrs. Tate. "Some of them do not know how to feed their children and men folk to the best advantage, and one cannot get strong, healthy children or contened thusbands unless they are fed properly. Women should study as far as possible domestic science in all its branches."

So far as legislation or new departmental regulations could facilitate this diet study by women, Mrs. Tate, no doubt, if elected, will do interesting work. Certainly this is economy time. Good cooking is economy.

Miss Margaret Bondfield, the Labour woman of great ability and courage who carried on the heart-breaking job of Minister of Labour in the late Socialist Government, with her "dole" fund more and more bankrupt, is opposed at Wallsend by Miss Irene Ward, the Conservative candidate.

"Send Irene Ward!" is the cry from many districts where they are holding political meetings. They want her because she is an outstanding orator. She has worked hard in important public offices in Newcastle and district, and has spoken on British industrial politics through the whole length of Canada, at the invitation of the Canadian National Council.

One of the few constituencies in which women voters are not in the majority is that of Cannock, Staffordshire. A woman, however, is fighting the seat for the Conservatives. This is Mrs. W. J. Ward. She served as a V.A.D. She has been vice-chairman of the Cannock Division Conservative Association, and on becoming candidate she at once planned a complete tour of the division to get face to face with the 70,000 voters it contains.

When this election is over it would be interesting if there could be an analysis showing whether the women have voted in a larger or a smaller proportion of their total strength than the men—particularly in view of the fact that in every constituency, with a few exceptions (such, for instance, as mining districts), more women than men have the vote. I have not seen any such analysis concerning the 1929 election but enquiries at the headquarters of political parties which I have made during the past few days indicate that "the women are in it in earnest this time, anyhow."

The home, the larder, the market basket, the wages and salaries of husbands and sons, the future careers of their children in this country, and the question of employment or no employment for their sisters and friends in every walk of life in Britain, which now has practically no idle rich, all these vital matters are involved in the present General Election.

At the last General Election 22,648,375 voters went to the poll, or 79 per cent. of the total electorate. I expect to see a higher percentage poll this time. An experienced political expert at the Conservative headquarters said the other day: "*This General Election will be won on the doorstep.*"

Public meetings do not decide the fate of parties at the polls. What decides it is the man at the fireside, the man or woman on the doorstep, the silent voter who does not attend meetings but reads and thinks or quietly chats with the doorstep canvasser.

Round at the headquarters of the Conservative Party the women organizers informed me that enrolment forms for voluntary workers, in canvassing and other ways, are being filled up by women and girls to an extent unprecedented in the annals of electioneering.

The Labour Party, as I have said, has an array of women candidates who are extremely experienced in public work of various kinds, have served on countless committees and in some cases on local authorities.

Of course, such women of outstanding ability and great political gifts as the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Iveagh, and Lady Astor are standing again in this election. Probably no other country in the world could show three women of such a ripe public experience, such a deep knowledge of affairs, combined with such remarkable speaking and debating power as these three Conservative figures.

Women may not elect many women M.P.s, but they are making their force tell in this fateful struggle in which about 30 million voters will elect 615 M.P.s to form a new House of Commons in the eighth Parliament of King George V.

HAMMERSMITH'S FAVOURITE: The Hon. Mary Pickford, Conservative candidate for North Hammersmith, seen in her office

WOMEN AT WORK IN THE WOMEN'S ELECTION: Lady Falmouth (right) Deputy-Chairman of the Conservative Party, and Miss Marjorie Maxse, Chief Organizing Officer, hard at work in the Central Office, Westminster, preparing for the Election

THE U.S. NAVY

At the Crossroads

Will America's Fleet go through another period of absolute neglect or will it eclipse the British in size?

President Hoover's demands for drastic reductions in the naval expenditure of the United States, and his outline scheme to include the laying up of a considerable proportion of the fleet, the discharge of a number of men, and the closing of two important naval bases, created a stir in American service circles that was only faintly echoed across the Atlantic. Mr. Charles Adams, the Secretary of the Navy and one of the best sportsmen in America, gave his chief loyal support in the matter, but he is not receiving similar support from many of those under him, and in spite of the obvious necessity for retrenchment it is a very big question as to whether the suggestion can be rendered effective.

Almost from its inception as a public service under Washington, certainly since the end of the Civil War in the mid 'sixties, the greatest handicap of the United States Navy has been public apathy. Recently this trouble has been to a degree overcome; most American citizens have a keen if uninstructed interest in the doings of their Navy and interest is what the Service needs most. It is generally recognized in naval circles that any cutting down of the fleet will very seriously endanger this interest, and bring to nothing the patient work of years.

History has clearly proved that this result is more than a possibility, it is practically a certainty. At the end of the Civil War the people were enthusiastic on the subject of "Uncle Sam's web feet," as Abraham Lincoln described the navy, and there was intense enthusiasm when it was realized that it had been built up until it was the biggest fleet in the world, and capable of acting as a real force behind American diplomacy.

But the usual post-war economies were carried into effect, and the enthusiasm of the democracy disappeared far more quickly than it had been generated. From the end of the Civil War until the creation of the famous "White Squadron" in 1884, the U.S. fleet was totally neglected, and the American public cared nothing for it.

One result of this was seen in the manning of the fleet; young Americans would not come forward, and when they did they were always ready to desert. Some fully trained men were tempted to run from the British fleet by high pay and what seemed to them to be luxurious conditions; but they were only the backbone, and the best that the Navy Department could do was to hope that men would come forward if a real emergency arose. The work put in by the naval officers during this period of appalling discouragement is beyond all praise.

In the Eastern States people soon forgot how the democracy had interfered with the Navy Department's strategy by insistently demanding naval protection against the quite mythical danger of Cervera's impotent Spanish cruisers, while in the Middle West the "Man from Missouri," as he is always called, maintained stoutly that he had never seen an enemy battleship in his life, and he demanded "to be shown" how it could endanger his farm.

The Great War changed all this and gave those who advocated an adequate American navy their chance. For the first time the navy had the chance of getting the voters' interest with something like solidity; and across the Pacific Japan was steadily building up a fleet which was not only very considerable in size but second to none in the world in efficiency. The chance might never occur again.

From that, the formation of the extreme "Big Navy" party naturally grew, for there is no incentive to popular American enthusiasm like the possession of the biggest of anything.

But there were still two big areas in which the interest was lukewarm, areas which are always inclined to be apathetic on national questions. One was the Middle West already mentioned and the other the Southern States. These two sections of the nation were attracted to the naval banner with great success by the "Freedom of the Seas" slogan which promised that, if Uncle Sam were given a fleet big enough to impose his will on all other nations, there should be an end to blockade operations, and the cotton of the South and the wheat of the Middle West should find its steady market at war-boom prices.

The chagrin of the men who had spent years building up the American navy and persuading the public to support it is natural, as is also their determination to resist the proposed cuts by all possible means.

F. C. Bowen

MYNHEER EXAMINES his COFFERS

First-hand Impressions of a "Sphere" Commissioner

Holland is passing through a period of depression as is the rest of the world, but despite local troubles and definite retrenchments, her economic position remains assuredly firm

The financial crisis in England and the uncertain value of the pound have frightened even those countries which had believed themselves outside the area of the epidemic. The Dutch newspapers, day by day, are obliged to publish reassuring bulletins concerning the health of the gulden, about which no one hitherto felt the slightest uneasiness. That uneasiness has been partially allayed by published figures which report a gold reserve far in excess of statutory requirements; but the national deficit of 75,000,000 gulden, and the upward trend of taxation, are playing unfavourably upon nerves already irritated by the situation in England.

Not that the Dutch are prepared to admit any serious weakness. The Dutch are not given to such admissions. They are merely irked by the sore throat which precedes a bad cold in the chest, but which, as their constitution is organically sound, has little chance of developing into pneumonia. Their ill-humour manifests itself in shrill objections to such precautionary measures as an additional tax on tobacco and petrol, and a few pennies more on the income tax, while the efforts of municipalities to discover fresh sources of revenue to improve the balance of their top-heavy budgets are met everywhere with cries of astonishment.

Meanwhile, for the first time in living memory there develops in Holland an alarming unemployment problem. It has developed unawares. A few weeks ago it was difficult to find any Dutchman prepared to admit that unemployment existed as a problem. It was merely the normal fluctuation of labour conditions. To-day it is recognized as the early stages of that creeping paralysis which has all but ruined Germany and England, and disquieting figures are mentioned in the course of acrimonious parliamentary debates. The figures look small by comparison with those of Great Britain and Germany, but in proportion to the population they are big enough to cause a deal of anxiety. They are not, moreover, as fully representative as they might be, there being no systematic unemployment relief and no workers' organizations comparable with our own.

It should be recognized, nevertheless, that distress here is relative—even as the strong financial position of Holland is likewise relative—the one to Dutch conditions up to a year ago, and the other to the more critical situation of Holland's neighbours. In a long and fairly close association with this country I have always, in the past, been impressed by the absence of poverty and obvious misfortune. All the people, from the unskilled labourer to the rich merchant, were intent upon having a good time; and, in the somewhat coarse manner of the Dutch, they had it. One's withers were never wrung by the sight of poor and enfeebled citizens, one's conscience never smitten by life's sad inequalities. The whole country had an air of prosperous democracy. In the Kalverstraat, which is sometimes called the Bond Street of Amsterdam, you would likely meet your banker and your baker, gazing in the windows of the same shop and contemplating similar purchases. After five o'clock you could hardly find a seat in a café, and, what is more, whether you sat at the table of master or workman, you were served with the same dishes, in porcelain of equal chasteness.

It is so no longer. One sees, for the first time, groups of lounging workmen at street corners. They are sullen and morose, and get together in increasing numbers to march behind banners inscribed with the challenges of Moscow. One hears that the Communist newspaper published in Amsterdam has increased its circulation by 60,000 in three weeks, and that Communist meetings throughout the country are crowded out. The Kalverstraat has become less democratic, in spite of the fact that its prices have been very much reduced. Now you can always find a seat in a café; probably not in your favourite café, which as likely as not bears the familiar sign, "Te koop of te huur," "To sell or to let"; and workmen and their families are getting used to a diet of potatoes and cabbage.

The situation can be studied to best advantage in a commercial city like Amsterdam; an agricultural and horticultural centre like Haarlem, and a great fishing port like Ijmuiden. Commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and fishing, are the principal occupations of the country, and their welfare is the welfare of all the Dutch. Industry is not so important. Where it exists, it suffers from the general depression, and almost every day brings the news of some mill or factory closing down, while industrial bankruptcies are almost as many as commercial bankruptcies. If, indeed, one were to judge from the list of failures, one would say that Holland is in a very bad way; but here they do not take such things as seriously as we, in England, do. They rather incline to the German opinion that such formal insolvencies are an easy and sufficiently honourable way out of one's difficulties. And the more bankruptcies there are, the less their moral effect.

I have said that the situation can well be studied in a city like Amsterdam; but there the effect is less of personal distress. What one observes is that fists have tightened over money bags; and no fist, in such circumstances, tightens more firmly than the Dutch. There is a certain air of shabbiness about the city. Shops, which used to be considered very smart, have taken to filling their windows with cheap and shoddy goods. In short, from the general aspect of Amsterdam to-day it is clear to see, in the words of the Finance Minister of the Hague, that Holland is groping her way through fog.

One of the straws which indicate the direction of the current is the recent addition of one cent to the tram tariff in Amsterdam. It sounds a small matter, but to the Dutchman it is a disturbing break with long tradition. Everyone in the city uses the tram, which is a wide and very convenient system; and for generations there has been a fixed tariff of ten cents, which covered all distances short or long. It was an easy and reasonable sum. Ten cent coins, affectionately known as *dubbeltjes*, and in size about equal to a three-penny piece, are always ready in one's pocket, and were easy for use in the many conductorless trams where the coin had to be inserted in a slot. Now the authorities have made the fare eleven cents, which is at once complication instead of simplicity; and a pretty storm has burst over their heads. They retort that the addition is essential owing to increasing losses in the service. The Amsterdammers scratch their heads at this further sign of financial embarrassment in their once proudly wealthy city, and ask each other what next?

A curious feature is that one still notices in the large cities a good deal of reckless spending. The fact that it has become obvious and confined to a certain definite section of the population, is in itself a sign of nerves. Spending used to be so general among middle-class Dutchmen that contrasts hardly existed, and one noted only the circumstance that the Dutch, hard-bargainers in business, were prodigal in their amusements. Such lavishness is visible now only in the resorts of that classless and fugitive section of the public with which all big cities are familiar. It is a class which pops up from nowhere, and subsides as mysteriously, and is never more affluent than in times of general depression.

The reduction in spending power is naturally more evident in a commercial city like Amsterdam than in the agricultural and horticultural markets of the country. For one thing, those who make money in the country go to Amsterdam or the Hague to spend it. Every other person in Holland possesses a car and, distances being so short, it is easy to run into one of the big cities for a night's amusement. Where the country reveals the trend of Holland's fortunes is in the gradual acquisition, by large financial institutions, of agricultural and horticultural holdings which in many cases have been in the possession of the same family for generations. The European price slump, and especially the English price slump, has seriously hurt the primary producers of Holland; and, as England has always been their best market for bulbs, vegetables, butter, and eggs, they have lately sustained additional disaster from the loss in sterling value. It is amusing to talk with some of the bulb growers and farmers of Holland. They resent bitterly the overthrow of the gold standard in England as a very grievous unkindness to themselves, and the prospect of British tariffs adds to their rather comical indignation.

To increase their national revenues several new tariffs were introduced by the Dutch Government, and everyone clapped hands. But the introduction of tariffs by the British Government is regarded as not only unstatesmanlike but definitely unsocial!

Economy on the part of the government, which has been obliged to suspend such colossal public works as the reclamation of the Zuyder Zee, and to reduce the salaries of state officials, and equal economy on the part of individuals together with a more practical patriotism (for they have, in the past, spent far too much of their money abroad, in Germany, Switzerland, and the south of France), will suffice to maintain the gulden as the strongest currency in Europe, and to restore that prosperity which, ever since the War, has been the envy of Holland's neighbours.

Roy Elston

ETON *and* HARROW *at* WORK *and* PLAY

ETON AT WORK: Members of the E.C.O.T.C. (whose unofficial song is an adaptation of "Fred Karno's Army") during a field-day in Windsor Great Park. These occasions are seized by the cadets for the chance to smoke!

HARROW AT PLAY: Harrovians past and present play the unique "Harrow Footer" on Founder's Day—a curious union of our Rugby and Association styles. The cry—analogous to "feet-feet" at Rugger or "shoot" at Soccer—is "yards, give him yards," a phrase incorporated in one of the famous Harrow songs. Those preëminent in the game gain the coveted distinction of being awarded their "fez"—the purely Harrovian equivalent of the "cap" in other athletic organizations. Dr. Cyril Norwood, the headmaster, is seen above surrounded by "fezes" past and present, for the wearer of a fez is referred to in common parlance by this style of his headgear—two old Harrovians, for example, discussing a third, will say, "Jones was a fez." *Inset* is a group of present Harrovians—in the "greyers" and "bluer" (blue blazer) that form half-holiday and daily wear; crowned with the characteristic straw hat, held on with an elastic at the back—watching the games with enthusiasm

THE ROYAL PALACE, SRINAGAR

THE FAT MAN *stirs* AGAIN

Ex-King Inayatullah Looks at Kashmir

By VERNON BLAIR

Among the recent serious news from Kashmir, there is a detail that suggests another turbulent chapter in the history of one of the most unhappy ex-rulers in the world.

Ex-King Inayatullah, it is reported, is waiting the commands of his Moslem friends just outside the borders of Kashmir, ready to be summoned to depose the present Maharaja, Sir Hari Singh.

His thoughts must be many and varied, but must above all be centred on his previous unhappy experiences as ruler. True, he has worn the crown for four days only, and then uneasily. As the four-day king of Afghanistan, taking over the unsafe seat on the throne when his brother, Amanullah, had fled from his responsibilities, he created a world record in one respect only, and that was in the short duration of his reign.

INAYATULLAH, who, it is rumoured, may exchange his peace for another attempt on a throne—this time that of Kashmir

If it be true, then it is surprising that Inayatullah should agree to be the pawn in the hands of scheming politicians. He can look back only with sorrow on his entry, enforced though it was, into Court circles, and there is nothing to indicate that if the plot succeeds, there will be any safer and better future awaiting him in the State of Kashmir.

For Inayatullah suffered imprisonment even from his own brother, the more wide-awake and energetic Amanullah, and this only because he proved to be an obstruction to the throne in the fair course of the late ruler. Inayatullah is the elder brother. On the death of his father he was unfortunately away from the centre of history in Afghanistan. He paid for that thoughtlessness dearly, for Amanullah jumped on the throne, was already in favour with the army, and seized the treasury, all in one day. Inayatullah's was a voice crying in the wilderness—and the wilderness in Afghanistan is more deadly and desolate than any to be found on the Hollywood film versions of P. C. Wren's novels.

But even though he was ignored he was still considered a danger, and, *pour encourager les autres*, Amanullah had him gaoled for five years or so, eventually pardoning him. The crime, apparently, was that he happened to have been born before Amanullah, but it says much for the the weakness of the elder brother's character that later he was to be seen playing tennis and living with the man who had stolen his throne, and almost tearfully confessing that he was always beaten at games because prison had increased his girth tremendously.

His weight, indeed, must have played a considerable part in his unhappy life. In Afghanistan they do not run to fatness, partly because the best goes often to the swiftest, and partly because in the blood of every Afghan there is a strain directly descended from the wild hillmen, who found their menu only by scrambling for long hot hours over the great peaks and mountain ranges after game.

He was a pathetic figure of fun, this four-day King who now aspires to be a ruler once more.

Ewing Galloway

NAUTCH GIRLS OF KASHMIR

When he, too, ran from terror-stricken Kabul, he was in tears bemoaning his lot. He appealed to British Government for help, and he was ignominiously bundled into an aeroplane and dumped on the British frontier, then conveyed under strict guard to the frontier of Baluchistan, and then packed across the frontier to Kandahar again with every secrecy

That has been his only experience of kingship, and during his short reign he never wielded any power. If any king was made by circumstances, other than birth, it was he. And since then he has been happy enough without his ambitions, travelling a little, and once visiting his exile brother, Amanullah, in Italy.

Now, if rumour be right, he is at Sialkot, safe in British India, but ready at any moment to take the long and winding road up to the capital of Kashmir. It is unlikely that he will have to screw up his nerve to that extent, for the latest reports are to the effect that the Muhammadan uprising in Kashmir is well in hand, and that saner instincts are prevailing.

He is a pawn in the hands of the conspirators. He cannot want the job thrust upon him, for he has said before that he has been perfectly content to bask in the protection of the British Government, as many another and greater King has done before him, and spend the rest of his days in some slow-moving cantonment in the North of India.

But even if the plot is a success, and Inayatullah finds himself ruler, even for a short time, in Kashmir, he will find things strangely different from the country over which he wielded nominal sway. Kashmir has lived for centuries in peace. The very valleys and the lush pasture lands spell peace and contentment, and it is a fact that the Kashmiri peasant is content with perhaps less than any other man living. He is not built for wars and revolutions, nor for the quickstep of changing events. Indeed, it is unlikely that half the population of that wide-flung land will have heard very much about the coming revolution, or of the drums of war beating in the mosques of Srinagar city.

Old Omar's recipe for content is probably closest realized in this country which has cast its spell over so many English men and women. Its great ranges of mountains are unspoiled by modernity. A dusty touring car may be heard crawling up the face of a mountain, on one of the three roads built with such pains by the Prince, but there are great spaces which have never seen the face of a white man. It is indeed significant that though there have been spasmodic outbreaks in the countryside, for the most part the agitation against the Prince has been confined to a noisy section in the capital itself, though suggestions have been made that the whole agitation is being engineered from outside, by enemies of the prince who would wish to see the Muhammadan triumphant in the State.

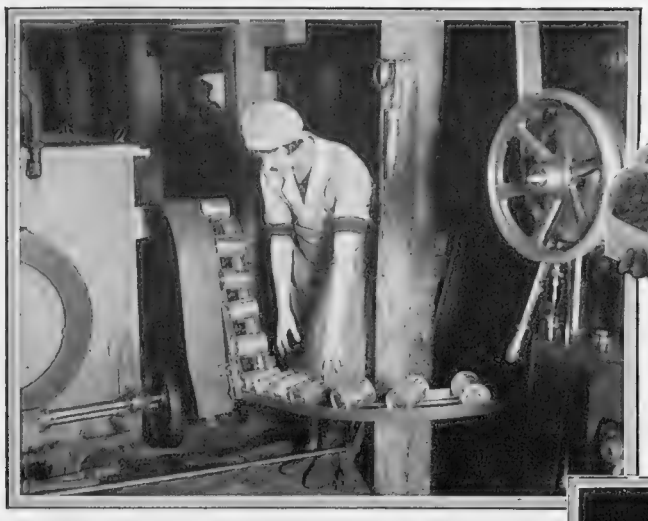
Afghanistan has, of course, taken its part in the agitation, and for months past the wildly fanatical newspapers supporting the Muhammadan cause have been vilifying the ruler, printing terrifying stories of the repression of Muhammadans in the capital, and urging every true Muslim in the interest of his faith to rise and take action against the tyrant in their midst. If this be a war of religion, then a better man could be found to bear the standard than Inayatullah, weakling, fat man, and past failure.

It is even surprising that he accepted a position which will certainly endanger his comfort, and will certainly ruin his luxurious constitution.

A RIVER OF DELIGHT: A view of the Jhelum, the famous "house-boat river" of Kashmir, whose halcyon waters to-day are ruffled by the wind of invading Muhammadanism which is being checked on the frontiers

FRUIT—COOKED, CANNED, SEALED, and LABELLED

Two Hours after Picking: The Astounding Efficiency of a New Industry Established in Kent



FROM ONE PROCESS TO ANOTHER: Cans travelling from the "exhauster"—in which the air is automatically extracted—to the cooking chamber

SWEETS TO THE SWEET: The machine which fills each can with syrup

"BY ANY OTHER NAME" would *taste as good!* The automatic labelling machine in action—the last process the fruit undergoes

BOTTLING HOLDS ITS OWN despite the inroads of the canning industry. Bottling is an older process in Britain than tinning, but is more expensive

KEEN EYES AND DEFT FINGERS reject any faulty fruit while filling the cans. *Above in centre* the fillers are seen in action

Specially pictured for "The Sphere" by Charles Brown

THE APPLE-PARING MACHINE: A necessarily complex mechanism for a seemingly simple task

The fruit canning factory of the Wisbech Produce Canning Co. at Paddock Wood, Kent is the newest of what is becoming an important chain of canneries which promise to introduce a prosperous new industry to Britain. The present premises are temporary and during the winter are to be replaced by a model factory. In 1928 the canneries produced 5¾ million cans of fruit; in 1930, 17½ millions; this year there will be an increase over that figure. The growers are getting 30 per cent. higher prices than before and thousands are being given work, directly or indirectly, where before they were unemployed. It is hoped that a figure of 500 million cans will soon be reached — rivalling the great canning industry of the U.S.A.

HERRING HAR

NINE HUNDRED FISH TO THE BARREL: Scottish herring-girls smiling at the 1931 prospects

FINGERS NEVER IDLE: When the fisher-girls are not gutting they are knitting. The in these days of laziness and doles

How many of us, as we sit down to our breakfast herring, spare a moment's thought for those brave men whose lot it is to gather in the herring harvest? To most of us "the harvest of the sea" is little more than a figure of speech. We consume the fish without a thought of the labour and risk that put them before us. In some seasons catching the herring is a profitable business, in every season it is a dangerous trade with hardship and risk obtruding their ugly heads at every turn. Let us then pause to consider that most valuable of fish, the herring.

Despite the notices of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries in the press, herrings—millions of them—are wasted even when the price nearly reaches the pre-War figure. People assume that they cannot be good because they are so cheap. Now is the time when the Yarmouth industry is at its height, but the home consumption of the Yarmouth catch is not more than 10 per cent.; in fact many experts declare that it is not more than 5 per cent., the rest going abroad, largely to north and central European countries. Behind these bare facts and figures, however, is a far more telling story—the romance of the herring fishery coupled with the life history of those hard-working fisher-folk whose days are spent exploiting the untold resources of the sea.

The herring traffic rose in the Middle Ages to such enormous proportions that one Continental city at least depended for its entire revenue upon the herring trade. The Elizabethan, Thomas Nashe, author of *Lenten Stuffe*, or *The Praise of the Red Herring*, was not far wrong; the sailors who manned our ships against the Armada subsisted largely on the high-dried herring. The trawler men in the Great War exchanged their old and picturesque calling for another still more hazardous—mine-sweeping. Thanks to Rudyard Kipling's *The Lowestoft Boat*, the brave deeds of this sturdy breed will never be forgotten; they could hardly wish for more lasting praise.

PACKED IN SALT AND ICE: A Scottish fisher-girl busily engaged during the Yarmouth herring harvest

In the minds of most people the herring is an inhabitant of the sea, but it is found elsewhere than in the sea. Although members of the same species are indigenous to certain Irish and Welsh lakes, Loch Lomond is said to be the only Scottish lake in which fresh water herrings are found. They probably have fewer enemies to elude in those waters than in the North Sea; here almost every kind of fish finds herring spawn to its taste. From their earliest hours young herrings are exposed to every sort of danger—from the lowly jelly-fish to the speedy mackerel. In fact it is wonderful that we ever see herrings on our breakfast tables. But for the extraordinary fertility of this species, no spawn would survive the thousands of deep-sea marauders. Even so, only about 1 per cent. of the eggs laid ever hatch out; if all hatched, it would be impossible to sail the seas for herrings.

Despite these inroads, however, many eggs are safely hatched by adhering to rocks, and in due season change into masses of tiny roving fishes. But this change merely marks for the species a time of added peril; they now fall victims to every fish and fowl that roams the wide ocean. Fishermen around our coasts are not slow to take advantage of the herring's misfortunes; when they espy the fish making thousands of little splashes, they know that the mackerel are hard in pursuit of them and lose no time in shooting their seine nets for the mackerel. It is at this stage that man first steps in to reap his harvest, for whitebait consists largely of young herrings. From the sea off Southend Pier huge quantities of immature herrings are removed as whitebait for the London markets; but this fishery appears to have no evil effect upon the grand total of full-grown fish about our coasts. The largest of the herrings' foes are the whales, which follow the shoals closely. When the nets are being hauled in the whales come up so close that they are within reach of a 10-ft. pole. A familiar spectacle of the North Sea fishing grounds is a whale spouting in the distance. Porpoises, finding fish in quantity, often get caught in the nets; Peter the Porpoise, lately of Brighton Aquarium, consumed in four short months no fewer than 5,000 herrings. The seals and sea lions that perform such wonderful tricks in the circuses which tour this country are fed upon fresh herrings. It is a simple matter to arrange with some fish merchant to supply a fresh consignment at every town the circus reaches; but for the reward of a piece of herring the seals would not carry out the tricks which delight us.

Dog-fish, hunting in packs, wreak terrible havoc upon the herring swarms; when they catch them in the nets, they tear the nets to ribbons. From the air gannets or solan geese levy toll upon the herring shoals swimming far below; but to the fishermen these birds are welcome because they guide the fleet to those waters where fish are most plentiful. The wastage of fish, then, from all these causes—it must take a good many herrings to satisfy a hungry whale—still leaves in the ocean an enormous quantity for human consumption.

As the shoals move down the East Coast, the herring boats, manned by crews of nine or ten, follow them to Yarmouth. Days before, however, special trains have brought from the northern ports the bright-eyed lassies, those picturesque fisher-girls whose work ranks next in importance to that of the men at sea. Yet so uncertain is the trade that it has happened more than once that salesmen, coopers, packers, the whole army of herring workers in fact, all were assembled early in the season, but no herrings turned up. Were the movements of herrings more fully known, such misfortunes might be avoided. This year there is a shortage of herrings, caused, so the experts tell us, by hot weather in the Arctic. These conditions melted the ice earlier in the season, and the ice released has set up cold currents fatal to the young fish.

From the east coast of Scotland come the best herrings. They migrate down the coast to the Hartlepools, Scarborough, and Grimsby. Where they make for after Yarmouth and Lowestoft remains to this day a mystery. At one time a fleet of a hundred trawlers put out of Boston, Lincs., the last two were sold to Scotland a year or two ago. When the herring fleet is "in" at such a port as Scarborough, they say you can almost taste herring in the air.

At first sight the money earned in this trade seems considerable; for example, during a recent Scottish season the Buckie fleet of 300 steam-drifters and motor-boats earned £275,000. The earnings of a steam-drifter worked out upon average at about £1,000, and a motor-boat's average return was £600. But the weekly expenses averaged £50 and £30 respectively. The Stornoway fleet numbers some 300 vessels, each worth about £2,500, and the fishing gear stowed away on board is worth no less than £500. Nets which are in use are uninsurable except from damage by other vessels. When, therefore, a storm overtakes the fleet, the season's profit is lost should it be necessary to cut the nets adrift. It was a calamity of this nature which overtook the Scottish fleet on Armistice Day, 1929, when £150,000 worth of nets were lost.

The Scottish and English fisher-girls are nothing if not industrious. The men always work by night, but the girls play their part by day as soon as the catch has been put ashore. Working in crews of three, two "gutters" and one packer, they can deal with herrings at the rate of six a minute. They can earn anything up to £2 a week, but are not allowed to "gut" after 9 p.m. For every barrel of fish gutted the crew gets 1s. When the gutted herring have been packed in barrels the cooper "seals" each barrel, which is next filled with salt and water, and is now ready for disposal. The way these muscular Scots lassies, with their brightly-coloured shawls, rubber gum-boots, and tarpaulin aprons, fling themselves into their work is a revelation. When

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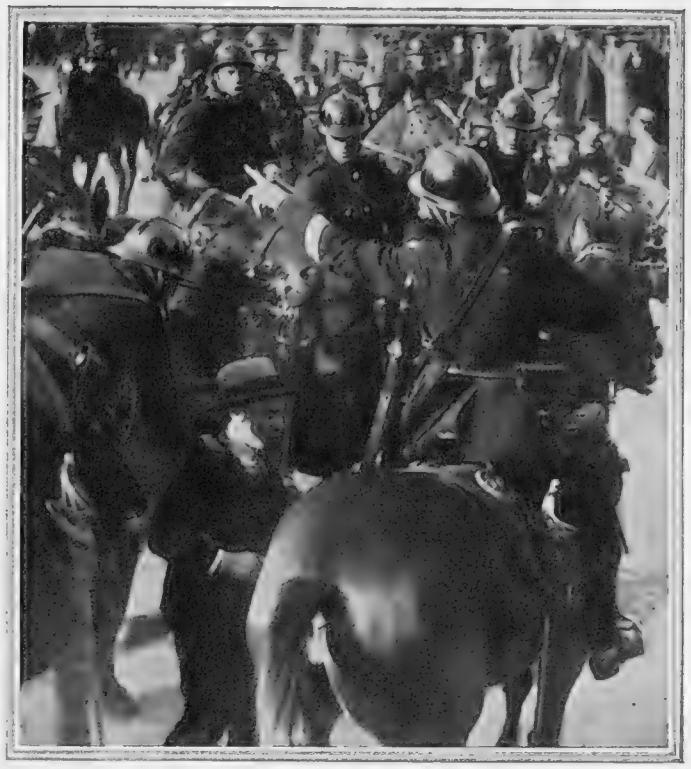
The SURVEY of the SPHERE

The Latest News from Abroad Told in Pictures

A NATURAL ALPINE IGLOO: *At the entrance of a great ice-hole on Mt. Mönch in the Alps, Dr. G. V. Salis, who is conducting researches into the behaviour of glaciers, has pitched his observatory tent*



RIOTS IN BELGIUM: In common with many other countries, Belgium has been suffering from civil disturbance. A conflict broke out at Hasselt recently between patriotic Belgians, who were holding a demonstration, and Flemish Nationalists, who desire autonomy. The police were invoked, and several civilians and some police were injured. An arrest is seen above in progress

AFTERMATH: The scene after the riot in the Palais des Sports, Paris, when Frankie Genaro was given the decision over Valentin Angelmann in the fight for the flyweight championship of the world—a fight between the Italo-American champion and France. Chairs and bottles were thrown into the arena, and police reinforcements had to be rushed to the Palais and to work for an hour before order was restored. On left a royal tourist is seen —Prince Umberto of Savoia, taking a walk at Forno, near Turin

THE MEMORIAL TO THE MAINE: *The new monument in Havana to the battleship which in 1898 was blown up, causing the loss of 266 lives. Three months later President McKinley demanded the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba, thus precipitating the Spanish-American War. Many versions are told of the destruction of the Maine, an incident which changed the map of the world, for in the war Spain lost her colonies*

CANADA'S CLIMATE GROWS MILDER: The general retreat of the glaciers in the Rocky Mountains is ample evidence that Canadian winters are becoming milder, according to the honorary president of the Canadian Alpine Club, and Canadian representative of the International Commission on Glaciers, after a study of the Robson Glacier depicted in this picture. This glacier, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, has retreated 790 ft. during the last twenty years. Observations were made in 1911, and recent investigations of the huge icefield show a remarkable change

£5,000 for a SIGNATURE

And £10,000 for a First Edition

This Story of Treasure Buried in Attics and Libraries Will be Read with Special Interest Now that the Catalogues of the First Book Sales of the Autumn Season are Being Scanned by the Cognoscenti

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

CHARLES DICKENS IN HIS YOUTH: A notable item of Dickensiana to be put up for auction at Sotheby's next month

The other day a man bought for £12 in a London auction room an album of old autograph letters, signatures, and views of early American scenes. Glancing through his acquisition he suddenly paused, and stared. A faded signature sprawled across a page. An odd name—Button Gwinnett. Was it, could it be, genuine? It was authentic all right, and so the old album turned out to be treasure trove, for £5,000 is the lowest price that has ever been paid for a signature of Gwinnett, one of the men who signed the American Declaration of Independence, but was so thoughtless as to leave not a single complete letter, and less than twenty signatures behind him.

News of this find got into the papers, and immediately there was a mighty prying and poking among old books and in lumber garrets and ancient chests all over England. There always is on news of such finds. Something more may come of this latest stir-up, for although since the War American collectors and dealers have spent more than £20,000,000 on acquiring old books and manuscripts in England, the world's great storehouse, thereby enormously stimulating search and research, thousands of precious volumes and manuscripts are still tucked away in dusty corners, unknown to their owners. It is this fact which lends excitement and romance to the great game of hunting the rare signature, the unique manuscript, the scarce first edition. At any moment a treasure may turn up in the most unexpected place.

In a collection in the States, for instance, there now lies a rare ten-page pamphlet entitled *New England's Trials*. The date is 1620. Two copies were known and coveted by the great collectors of Americana. But they were inaccessible. One was in the Bodleian and the other in the British Museum. Whence, abruptly, came this third copy? It had lain for three centuries among a collection of old tracts in a small English library before someone by chance turned it over and recognized its worth. It came into the auction room, and an American dealer snapped it up for £2,500.

The *Venus and Adonis* which crossed the Atlantic and now reposes in the famous Huntington library was discovered by a similar chance. A bookseller of London was on a visit to Lamport Hall, the ancestral home of the Ishams. Booksellers and book-dealers are among the most inquisitive of mortals. This one, nosing about, came upon an old lumber room which apparently nobody had entered for long years. Over stacks of wood and discarded furniture dust had settled thickly. Cobwebs dimmed the pale light coming through one small grimy window. Mice ran boldly about the floor.

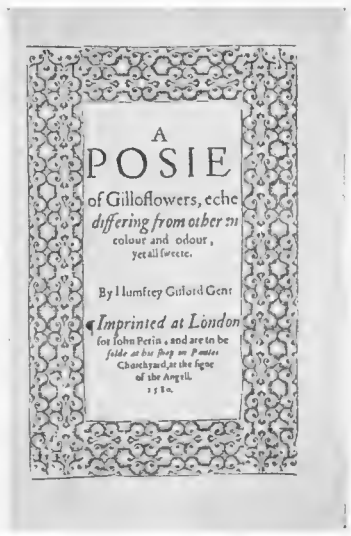
One may be sure that these signs of neglect and decay only spurred the curiosity of the bookman. He poked among the dusty piles to see if there were any old books or papers about, and discovered a stack of volumes, dirt-grimed, many chewed by mice. For a long time he turned them over without finding anything of particular importance. But suddenly his eye was arrested by a volume of peculiar size and shape. He seized it. A *Venus and Adonis* of Shakespeare! It was an unknown fourth edition of 1599, printed for "William Leake dwelling in Paule's Churchyard at the signe of the Greyhound."

The find, and the record price paid by Huntington, made a fine newspaper story at the time. Everybody heard about it, including two young men who were shooting with the bow and arrow one day soon after on the lawn of an old country house at Shrewsbury. They had put up as a target an old book they had picked up in the lumber-room where the old yew bow was kept. It fell down, and going to set it up again one of the young men glanced idly at the open page and saw there the magic word *Venus*. Instantly he recollected the *Venus and Adonis* about which he had read in the paper. He examined the book. Sure enough, it was another copy. The New York collector of Shakespeareana, H. C. Folger, paid £10,000 for it.

About the same time one of the rarest copies of Edgar Allan Poe's works was rescued by a piano-tuner from a bundle of papers on its way to the pulp mill. This salvage was due to the happy chance that the tuner was a lover of old books and recognized the worth of this one at a glance. He sold it for £800, and that was only the dealer's price.

Rarity and historical significance put up the value of these things. If you could find an old Greek manuscript—a play by an obscure dramatist of the fourth century is the only antique Greek MS. so far discovered; the rest seem to have gone up in the flames which consumed the Alexandrian library of Ptolemy Soter—it would be worth almost anything, and a specimen of Latin writing earlier than the first century—we know only one fragment dated A.D. 53, nothing earlier, although the old poets of Rome published their works, and scribes were kept busy copying them—would make a man rich for life.

But mere age by itself is a factor of little account when books emerge from their secret hiding places into the cold, hard light of the open market, where collectors, with a standard of values all their own, narrowly appraise them. Suppose you found tucked away in some dark corner a copy of the "Bug" Bible printed in 1549, or, still better, a Barker's black-letter Bible of 1653 containing the error of "Judas" for "Jesus" in Matt. xxvi. What a find! Must be worth a fortune. You send it to the auction room and breathlessly wait, dreaming meantime of all you are going to buy and do when that treasure is exchanged, after a sensational fight between excited collectors and dealers, for far more than its weight in gold.


A
POSIE
of Gilloflowers, eche
differing from other in
colour and odour,
yet all sweete.
By Humfrey Gifford Gent
Imprinted at London
for John Perin, and are to be
solde at his shop in Poules
Churchyard, at the signe
of the Angell.
1580.

ALL BUT UNIQUE: A volume to be paralleled only in the British Museum. It is dated 1580 and was sold at Sotheby's

And what comes back to you? For the "Bug" Bible a trifle of £15; for the Barker Bible, £53 (the error has increased its normal worth). These were the prices realized on the last occasion that the aforesaid items were offered. The catalogue of a great bookseller offers you a copy of Edward VI's second Book of Common Prayer, 1552, the first in which the word "altar" was replaced by "table," and the word "mass" omitted (the book is historically important as marking the first triumph of the English Protestants), for a mere £135.

Old, quaint, curious—but the collectors don't want them. Too many about. For centuries after printing started in 1450, bibles and books of common prayer were about the only books turned out in abundance. So many of the quaint, early seventeenth-century Breeches Bibles—so-called because the seventh verse of the third chapter of Genesis runs: "*and they sewed figtree leaves together, and made themselves breeches*"—have in consequence survived that you cannot get five pounds for one now. On the other hand, if you happen to come upon a copy of the 1631 Bible wherein, by a lamentable printer's error, the Seventh Commandment reads "*Thou shalt commit adultery*," it is worth quite a lot of money. For Archbishop Laud ordered it to be destroyed by the public executioner, and only four copies are believed to have survived the conflagration.

I may observe that if you can find another Gutenberg Bible—this Latin Bible, made by Gutenberg at Mayence in 1455, is the first complete example of European printing—in perfect condition it would today be worth more than £21,000, which is the highest recorded price at which one of the forty-two known copies have changed hands.

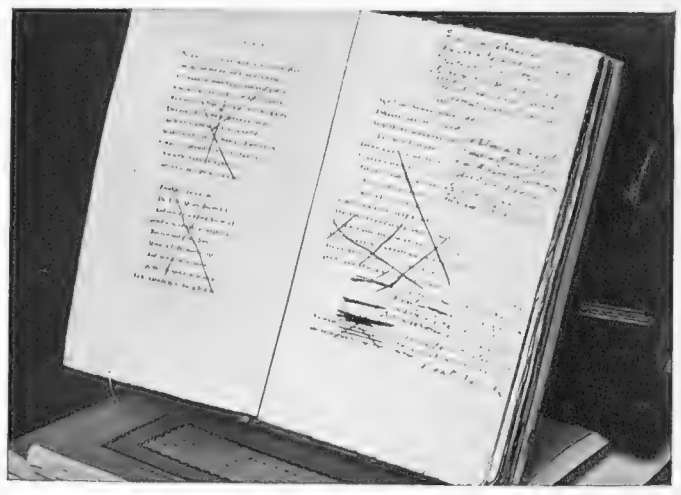
It would be folly to suppose that the era of great finds in these fields is over. Discoveries are sometimes made in the auction-room itself under the noses of the experts. In London one day they put up a Paine's *Dailey Meditations*, printed "at Cambridge by Marmaduke Johnson in 1688." Everyone took it for granted that Cambridge meant Cambridge, England—everyone, that is, except Dr. Rosenbach, the famous American dealer, who chanced to be present, and who suddenly recollected that Marmaduke Johnson it was who printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, the first Bibles issued for the redskins. A glance at the volume itself confirmed his suspicion. The book went to him for £50 and he was twitted on the high price he had paid. But faces fell when he revealed his discovery, and the auctioneer kicked himself when the bidder told him he would have gone up to £10,000 for that rarity of Americana.

There are lost Foligno Dantes of 1422, lost Boucher Molières of 1734, lost Cervantes, lost letters of Columbus and other conquistadors which, maybe, still repose snugly in some dusty corner of old England; for British noblemen and nabobs gutted Europe in the old days as American millionaires are now gutting England.

A Columbus relic is the dream of the Americana collector. From the New World the explorer wrote several letters—to Ferdinand and Isabella, to the royal treasurer, to his friend Luis de Santangel—which ought to be about some place. The original letter to de Santangel, written when he got home, and describing his great discovery, has never been found. This letter was printed and many copies were distributed to spread the news and to satisfy the international demand for it.

Where are all those printed copies? Only one of the first printing has ever been found. There was a second printing, but again only one copy of this has turned up so far. The first edition copy is now preserved in the Lenox Foundation section of the New York Public Library. The other might also have found its way across the Atlantic to form the corner stone of some Americana collection, but the present Pope, a great scholar and book lover, secured it for the great Ambrosia Library in Milan at the time he was librarian there.

Only one private collection can boast a Cervantes letter. Nobody has a Shakespeare letter. If you could dig up a well-preserved one on an intimate subject and in the poet's own handwriting, you could ask anything up to £50,000 for it without being clapped in a mad-house. But an easier search might be for another Kipling like the 1886 first edition of *Departmental Ditties*, which Kipling inscribed and sent to his old school at Westward Ho! and which fetched £800 at auction, or the same author's *Letters of Marque* (15,000 were printed forty years ago, but all were destroyed except two or three), the last recorded price for a copy of which is £1,800. There is also Barrie's MS. of *Peter Pan* knocking about somewhere, unless it has been destroyed. Barrie lost it. As the MS. of Conrad's *Victory* fetched £1,600 in 1924, and the MS. of Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*, now in the British Museum, is valued at £10,000, and the original manuscript of Dodgson's *Alice in Wonderland* sold for £15,400, one may surmise that the value of the MS. of *Peter Pan* would represent quite a nice little fortune.



A SHELLEY RELIC: An annotated copy of *Queen Mab*. Copies of Shelley's leaflet, "Address to the Irish People," tossed by him to passers-by from a balcony, are extremely valuable

NOTABLE ART of the CURRENT WEEK

A Trio from Algernon Newton's Complete Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries: A Study of the Rocks at Land's End from the R.O.I. Exhibition and an Anna Zinkeisen Canvas from the National Society Exhibition

"THE PUBLIC HOUSE," **by Algernon Newton**

"LOWER THAMES," **by Algernon Newton**

These two canvases and that below show the work of Mr. Algernon Newton, who is holding an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. This poetic artist of London has the true vision of a poet, for he perceives with an inspired eye, he sees a quality of beauty in Georgian façades and simple nineteenth century box-like buildings reflected in London's canals. His Lower Thames is suffused with a charm which is Vermeer-like in character

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE GEORGES—"CUMBERLAND TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK" **by Algernon Newton**

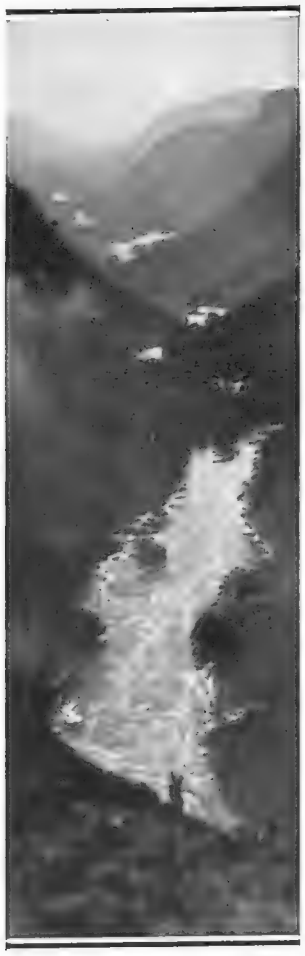
"CATHEDRAL ROCKS, LAND'S END" **by Borlase Smart, R.O.I.**
This majestic treatment of *Ultima Thule* is one of the finest pictures at the R.O.I. Exhibition, 195, Piccadilly

"ROLLING" **by Anna K. Zinkeisen**
A very typical example of the talented art of this modern artist whose canvases usually deal with the humanities and not with landscape

BRITISH GUIANA'S CENTENARY

One Hundred Years ago Three Small Colonies were Combined under the Title of British Guiana. Local Celebrations take place this week at Georgetown, the Capital. To Mark this Interesting Event "The Sphere" Gives here a Special Description of the Kaieteur Falls, British Guiana's Greatest Asset from the Traveller's Point of View. The Article has been Specially Written for this Issue

By K. H. CREGAN



C. C. Haedecker
THE KAIETEUR GORGE, with the Pontaro winding tortuously between hills of sandstone

The story of the discovery of the Kaieteur Fall contains many elements of the dramatic. Those few persons who have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the history of British Guiana are aware that up to 1815 the country was owned by the Dutch. In that year it was finally ceded to Great Britain for a sum approximating three million pounds sterling. During their period of occupation, the Dutch, probably because they were too busy preserving a somewhat precarious hold on the colony, took no pains to verify the stories of a gigantic waterfall which was said to exist somewhere in the interior of the country. Over half a century was destined to elapse before the eyes of civilized men beheld it. In the year 1870, Mr. C. B. Brown, a Government surveyor, inadvertently discovered the mighty fall while travelling down the Potaro River. Before his astounded gaze the whole river "from bank to bank," as one writer graphically expresses it, plunged over the edge of a stupendous granite cliff into the yawning cañon below.

When Brown reached Georgetown, the capital city, he immediately reported his wonderful discovery. At first very little credibility was attached to his statements. In fact the then Governor of the Colony, Mr. — afterwards Sir John Scott — gave it as his opinion that the reports of its size and beauty were greatly exaggerated. It is interesting to note that a Mr. Daly suggested that photographs of the fall should be taken and forwarded to *The Illustrated London News* for publication.

Public interest in Mr. Brown's discovery reached such a high pitch that at last the Governor permitted him to lead an official party back to the throne of the jungle emperor. After an arduous journey lasting over a week, the travellers reached their goal. Not one of them ever forgot it!

The colony containing the giant fall lies between parallels 1 deg. and 8 deg. North, and meridians 57 deg. and 61 deg. West in the north-eastern portion of South America. Visitors approaching British Guiana are apt at first to receive an unfavourable impression of the country. Long before its shores are clearly distinguishable, the deep blue of the ocean is sullied by a dirty greyish-yellow. The discoloration is due in part to the great volumes of river-silt brought down by the Demerara River and, in a lesser degree, to the sediment poured into the sea by the mighty far-off Amazon.

Flat coast lands covered with dense vegetation eventually appear above the horizon. This region, extending inland for an average distance of about thirty miles, conveys no hint of the superb country which lies beyond a second and slightly elevated tract. Do not be disappointed when you enter the harbour of Georgetown—the capital city, built on the estuary of the Demerara River. The scenery of the real interior of British Guiana is unsurpassed by anything of its kind elsewhere in the world, and it is amid such surroundings that Kaieteur rules as majestic overlord of the vast number of waterfalls, cataracts, and rapids which occur in the country's numerous waterways.

The breathless leap of Kaieteur occurs in the square-topped Pakaraima Mountains, a gigantic sandstone formation occupying the greater part of the western interior. Amid these impressive surroundings the Potaro, a tributary of the great Essequebo River, twists a way through deep, frowning gorges carved out of the solid rock during countless æons of time.

About 5 p.m. the vessel from Georgetown reaches its destination—the village of Bartica, some 60 odd miles from the capital. The sightseer spends the night at a comfortable hotel. At a convenient hour next morning, the second leg of the journey up the Essequebo is begun in what is locally known as a "tent-boat," *i.e.* a strongly-built wooden craft fitted with a tent-like awning for protection from the sun. Such a boat will probably be equipped with a converted auto mobile engine (yes, the Ford is well represented!) driving a Smith's patented lifting propeller. This device, whereby the propeller can be raised or lowered without stopping the engine, is invaluable in waterways where shallow spots, submerged rocks and tree-trunks can easily cause the loss of the whirling screw.

Camp is made for the night at the discretion of the expedition's leader. Nowadays, the majority of trips to the Kaieteur Falls are made under the expert supervision of Mr. Michael McTurk, whose home is a picturesque islet in the Potaro River. Boats under his control stop on the first night at Garnett's Balata Depot at a place known as St. Mary's.

On the second day the boat passes through numerous minor cataracts. In the bow of the vessel crouches the "bowman," keen-eyed, watchful, ready to shout a warning in case of danger. In the stern, powerful hands gripping the great, broad-bladed steering oar, the native "river-captain" stands erect, eyes fixed on the foam-smeared, turbulent water before him. The safety of the boats and their passengers depend largely on his skill and experience supplemented by his lieutenant the bowman. He knows this river: has seen its power and relentlessness. His trained eye detects the tiny swirl, apparently innocuous, which so clearly tells of the hungry black fang of rock waiting just below the surface of the water. Let it be said that the "captain" and his "bowman" seldom fail!

Tumatumari, reached on the fourth day, after negotiating the lower cataracts, is a superbly beautiful spot, consisting of a kind of landlocked bay surrounded by trees. There are stretches of bright sand, and pools of still, foam-flecked water. At the upper end tumbles the broad, low Tumatumari Cataract, the very embodiment of restless energy.

The cataract is circumvented by a half-mile portage, after which a boat or launch leaves at about 7 a.m. for Potaro Landing. The traveller arrives there about three hours later. From this point, where the first beautiful view of the sandstone range of Kaieteur is obtained, motor-cars convey him along Kangaruma Road to Kangaruma, a point six miles distant. This jungle road shortens the journey to Kaieteur by cutting across one of the horseshoe bends of the Potaro. In addition, it enables the voyager to avoid the dangerous Echowra and Pakatuk Rapids.

A magnificent macaw will surely be found under the leafy bower through which the road takes its way, and the eye is unfailingly caught by the emerald and gold parrots hastening far overhead to the cooler depths of the forest. Here a tiny humming-bird, scintillating gem-like in the sunlight, hangs for a moment with vibrating wings before a flower whose colouring is scarcely less vivid.

It was through such scenery, perhaps, in 1595 that Sir Walter Raleigh and his gallant band pushed a way in the hopeless, immortal search for the fabled El Dorado. The swift-falling tropic night finds the raveller of these days at Kangaruma Rest House.

The scenery has by now undergone a change. No longer is the traveller overwhelmed by heavy forest. Instead, fern-covered banks sweep, tree-bordered, into grassy dells, only to lift again into velvety mounds. Miniature cataracts murmur fussily underfoot. Again there is a transformation. The path winds between great rocks on the one hand and breath-stopping precipices on the other. Far below your feet are rushing, impetuous torrents. Nearby mountains tower majestically into the calm, clean air, and are reflected with mirror-like perfection in glassy expanses of placid water.

A WALL OF WATER: A wonderful study of the Kaieteur Falls, the greatest attraction of British Guiana, which this year celebrates its centenary

Early next morning the journey is resumed, and at length the impressive Kaieteur Gorge is reached. Through its terrific, battlemented sides, over 1,100 ft. high, the Potaro winds sinuously for miles. About two hours later the Waratuk Rapids are encountered. Here another portage is necessary. Beyond this portage another boat is used.

About a quarter of an hour after leaving the Waratuk Rapids one obtains the first view of the giant fall at a point a little beyond the Kamasa Creek. The magnificent waterfall looks like a faint white streak against the titanic cliffs ten miles away. About four o'clock in the afternoon camp is made for the night at Tukeit Rest House, the nearest point to which a boat can approach the lord of the jungle. From here the Potaro is broken up by a long succession of minor rapids, falls, and cataracts.

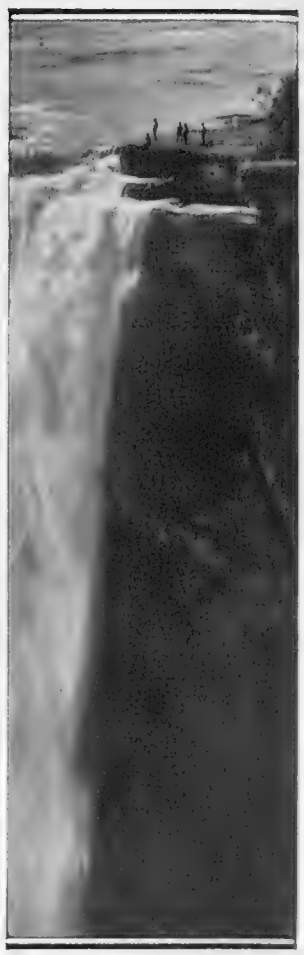
Next day, about 7 a.m., the voyager begins the last lap of the journey—the climb up to the steep Kaieteur Plateau. The sullen roar of the great fall grows ever louder. It is the colossal, awe-inspiring noise of an avalanche, but unlike an avalanche its thunder is incessant, unrelenting. The going is arduous, and the way must be selected with care. Great boulders of conglomerate and quartz, varying in size from rocks a few feet square to vast blocks as big as houses, strew this difficult path in tremendous disorder. No doubt these massive fragments broke away from the friable cliffs above in past ages, and plunged with shattering force to their present resting places. Shrubs, trees, and creepers, growing inextricably from rock to rock, form a covering which it is well to negotiate carefully. The climb may last as long as three hours.

Moving at a velocity of about six miles per hour through gloomy walls of dense forest, the Potaro narrows to 400 ft. for the awful leap over the square conglomerate lip of Kaieteur. As the dark brown river nears the brink it pales to snowy purity for the self-sacrifice. The vast stretch of water seems to curve smoothly and with slow grandeur over and out beyond this stupendous cliff 1,130 ft. above sea-level. With incredible momentum the toppling 20 ft. deep avalanche plunges dizzily down 820 ft. of sheer nothingnesss! The rush of this enormous mass of water through space maintains a powerful, steady wind burdened with spray.

It is a curious fact that at the top of the fall the appalling diapason of the enraged jungle ruler dies away to a dead, impressive silence. This phenomenon is probably due to the great depth and the blanketing effect of the thick clouds of mist which swirl upwards from the abyss. The wondering spectator is led to believe that the water never reaches the bottom, but instead hovers in space like a formless elemental. So heavy is the lifting vapour that up to a late hour of the morning the fall is entirely obscured from view. As the heat of the sun increases gaps appear in the billowing masses of mist, only to close up and reappear elsewhere. Gradually, like the parting of a great curtain, the heavy vapour disseminates, disclosing at last the marvellous stage of Kaieteur. Let us descend to the floor of the amphitheatre where the tremendous watery masses crash down on the river bed.

Below all are gigantic turmoil and chaos. Looking up, one can see the enormous curtain of liquid descending the towering face of Kaieteur at sickening speed towards the huge black boulders in the great pool below. The maddened water crashes down with Thor-like force, giving birth to great, irregular waves which surge tormentedly to and fro like ponderous, contending mammoths. Heavy pillars of mist and spray rise continuously from the tortured water to the sandstone giants frowning aloofly far above. The surrounding atmosphere vibrates with fierce, overwhelming energy.

(Continued on page 103)



By special permission of the Government of British Guiana
THE BRINK of the stupendous waterfall is cut square

FOUR TIMES HIGHER THAN NIAGARA: A striking study of the glory of Kaieteur

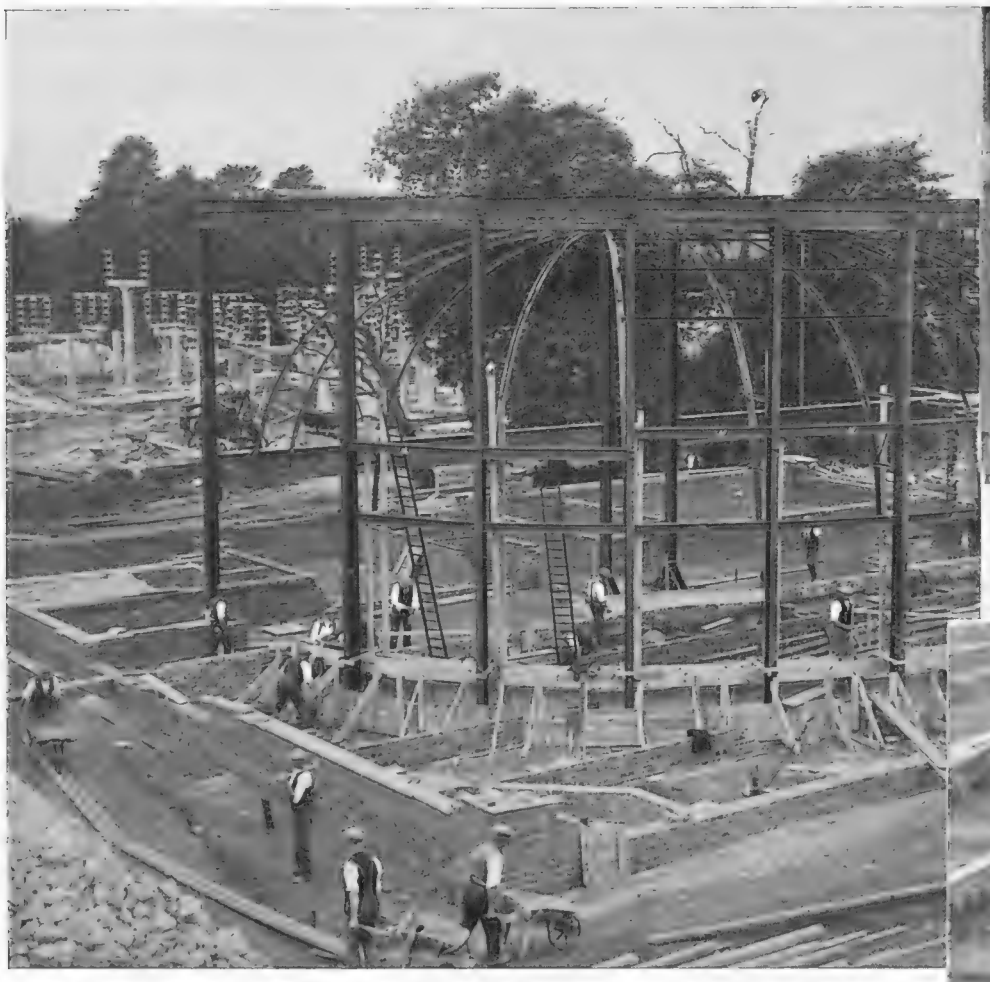
(Continued from page 102)

Behind the curtain of water the great black cavern hollowed out by the backwash of the fall through countless centuries, yawns mysteriously like the forbidding entrance to the Styx. In this gloomy retreat abide numbers of graceful swallows, secure in the protection of the forest emperor. The whole scene of cataclysmic might wedded to peerless symmetry, blends harmoniously with a setting of absolute solitude and beauty. Above all rises the ceaseless dominant roar of power unleashed and uncontrolled!

Those who have seen both Niagara and Kaieteur aver that the latter undoubtedly offers the grander spectacle. The following figures speak for themselves:—

	Victoria	Niagara	Kaieteur
Height	360 ft.	164 ft.	820 ft.
Mean Volume per second	38,430 cub. ft.	222,000 cub. ft.	23,400 cub. ft.
Corresponding electric power available taken as equivalent to 60 per cent. of the actual water power	940,000 h.p.	1,200,000 h.p.	1,300,000 h.p.

PRELUDE TO ELECTRIFICATION : Holes are being drilled in the running rails for bonding. *Inset on the right* is a scene showing the considerable task of joining the ends of the cables. Each tension cable is 350 yards in length, and the joining of them involves three men in several days of work. The workmen carry a portable workshop. The cables have to be stripped of their armour and insulation and then protected from the weather



THE CONTROL-ROOM UNDER CONSTRUCTION : The Three Bridges control-room where the current is controlled from Star Lane to West Worthing. In the background is the Central Electricity Board sub-station whence the Southern Railway will receive its current from the National Grid

IN THE MERSTHAM TUNNEL : Laying cables in the famous tunnel, where one of the most celebrated murders of recent times took place. It is quite near Redhill

THE ISOLATED HOOK SWITCH : This, seen above undergoing inspection, is set at intervals on the line to enable the current to be cut off from an entire section of line

The Southern Railway is carrying out a gigantic scheme of electrification at an approximate cost of £2,250,000. By next summer it is anticipated that electric trains will be running to Reigate and by the beginning of 1933 to Brighton and Worthing. The Southern will be the first main line to change over from steam to electricity for passenger traffic. Work is now in progress, and this double-page shows various aspects of the huge task. The average length of

TO BRIGHTON on the WINGS of JOVE

The Ambitious Scheme—Electrification of a Main-line Section of the Southern Railway

INSPECTION: An official gives an eye to a new joint where the tension cables are unified. The joint is enclosed in a concrete box which weighs nearly a ton. 4 cwt. of bitumen are used to make the joint weatherproof

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

THE PASSING OF STEAM: The Brighton express passing Star Lane Station where work is in progress. In the foreground is the outdoor switch gear. At this sub-station the high tension current is broken down from 33,000 volts to 650 volts

cable is 350 yards, but that laid through the Clayton tunnel will be 2,300 yards long and will weigh 17 tons. Another one-length piece—2,166 yards long—runs through the Merstham tunnel. Super-tension cable—only one of the cables being laid—is of 33,000 volts. Automatic signalling lights will control the new trains as on the inner London area of the Southern—red, yellow, and green for stop, caution, go, like those in Oxford Street and elsewhere. New types of lighting will enable the signals to be seen clearly even in fog. New coaches have been ordered for the new line to the number of 230; these are of the side corridor type and Pullmans will also be put into service.

IF KIPLING WENT BACK—

he would be disappointed

By VERNON BLAIR

A Survey of the East of 1931

The long route East is changing. Kipling should go back, to write a new saga of the modern men and women who pass through, what to him was, a fateful barrier. He would find a new land, unknown to him, East of Suez. He would be disappointed.

For when he said that the best sight of the East was Bombay—astern—he meant something. In these days when you can talk to a man with last week's London jokes in his repertoire, with last week's letters from London in his pocket, and last week's newspapers in his club, there is less romance in crossing that barrier, less jubilation, perhaps, when the last of the East is seen beyond the creamy foam at the blunt end of a black and mud-coloured liner.

Your first sight of the East is a huge hoarding. "Use Pear's Soap!" it commands. That is the East these days, seen through the porthole at sunrise. Your first purchase in the mysterious East will be a packet or a tin of cigarettes, considerably cheaper than from a London store. Your first drink will be from the same bottles with a red triangle on the label. Luckily the smell remains. Even Kipling would not cavil at that.

STILL AS KIPLING SAW IT, BUT IN A NEW SETTING: Twice a week the changing of the guard at the Viceroy's residence in New Delhi draws the attention of the crowd. The British Army is there, but in a new setting

At your hotel the bar will have a footrail and modernist furniture. The prices will be commensurate with London standards. Your taxi will have a meter, and though the driver will wear a single cotton garment instead of the seventeen waistcoats of London custom, his driving will be only a little noisier than the Jehu of the London streets.

Praise be, perhaps, for that meter on the taxis, at least for the newcomers. For I still remember the shocked face of an elderly general, banished to Bombay for the first time in his life, whom I met in that hotel which looks over the grand Gateway of the East.

"A terribly expensive place, this," he said. "The driver said the regular charge for the journey from the quay was 10 rupees. . . ."

So they can still judge the newcomer and act accordingly, and it seemed to be increasing the world trade depression to instruct him that he had paid exactly eight times the usual price.

I wonder what Kipling would say to "Blue Trains," run regularly between the big towns at the usual increased fares; to the automatic telephones, which have been used in the East for years; to the eternal bullock-carts lumbering their way down the great central avenues, guided by white lines drawn as prettily on the macadam as they are by the London artists in that department; to new and very patent cooling devices in Peshawar cantonment, run by electricity, and wafting a water-cooled jet of air over old rooms which he knew to be cooled only by a waving punkah; above all, to that palace of the cinema in Calcutta where in the midst of the hot weather there are no fans at all, but where the whole interior is chill and damp with an enormous electric refrigerating-plant. Poor Kipling!

Or he might go deep into the bazaar, up country, and listen again for the noises of the East which he knew and loved so well. Even to his own Anarkali, in Lahore, where there grew the stories of the Indians which he may believe to be true to-day. (For the East never changes, he said.)

The East has changed just there . . . . For in this street, wide and crowded as it always was, there is one sound only, and that is the click of the typewriter. From every upstairs window there comes the clatter of commerce. He knew commerce as a leisurely, sedentary occupation, to be conducted over innumerable pulls at the hookah, to be concluded with laborious scripts in Urdu writing.

Now, the conversation of Anarkali is of invoices and duplicated orders. Commerce is Westernized. The long, thin, bearded dealer takes up his fountain-pen and scribbles rapidly, from left to right, at the bottom of a typewritten document.

Even in the traffic of Anarkali there is a difference. Its shops betray the influence of the motor-car. There are new models for every type of customer. Through the streets there pass the swift vehicles of modern America to and fro while the slow bullock cart plods its creaking way at the side of the road.

Up the Grand Trunk Road that he knew so well, there go the cars of the Indians, dragging behind them their plume of dust, rattling and swaying along that sad, endless road that runs 2,000 miles to the north. Sometimes you will come across a caravan on its way to Kabul or the string of bullock carts going to the next market town. The road, however, is built for the motor-car now and not the tramp of marching feet.

In one respect, though, they have revived the days of Kipling. The British Tommy is marching once more down the Grand Trunk Road. Army headquarters in India, greatly daring, decided to put the clock back a little and send the troops marching, their old songs on their lips, instead of packing them into the troop trains that do the transport in less time and at less cost.

The reason is a simple one. India has not seen a soldier for many a year. They have forgotten the existence of the "Red Coats" as they still call the British Tommies. The bands are playing through the villages again, and the fifes and drums are calling many a village out on to the Grand Trunk Road to see the sights. Kipling would be pleased. The Tommies are not so pleased.

To be sure the British have done their best to make the little bespectacled man out of date. They have extended the railways and built motor-roads so that there is no need for anyone to make the long seven-day journeys up to the hills in pony carts. They have delved great chunks out of the hillsides and banked the twisting roads to get greater and safer speed.

Not so long ago they even tried to modernize the coolie. For hundreds of years now the coolies of Kashmir have floated the logs down from the heights in long, flat-bottomed barges. Then they tied up at the steps near the cutting sheds. A plank has been thrown on to the barge, and then for two days the coolies have come on board, levered the great logs on to their backs, and struggled, bent and groaning, over the plank and up the steps to the sheds.

One day there came a man who was Efficient. He smoothed away a runway down the steps, rigged up a block and pulley, and had the logs whisked up to the top by four men in half a day.

The scheme worked admirably. For several months the cutting sheds were provided in double time with all the logs needed for the handsaws. Then the man of Efficiency went away on leave. The coolies were back in two days, and never a block and pulley has been heard to creak on the steps of the rivers of Kashmir.

Perhaps there is coming the end of the coolie in his millions. The coolies who carry immense weights on backs frail and bent. The coolies who sing and chant as they take the baskets of coal up the gang planks to the waiting liner. They are all replaced in their hundreds of thousands by the single long pipeline that comes from shore on a petrol raft. The coolies who trot for miles along the sun-drenched roads with great burdens of produce on their heads. They are too expensive for the dealer who can whisk them down on a motor lorry. The coolies who travel the mountain passes. This summer I saw an expedition of six caterpillar cars cross the highest reaches of the passes above Kashmir, where never a petrol engine had been heard before.

It is all very sad. You can be in Kipling's East and back to London in three weeks by ordinary regular passenger air service. You can travel the routes of his pilgrims and holy men, first-class, ice served on the train. You can forget the East—for a time.

Not for ever, though. And Kipling would learn with some enjoyment of the old servant I met, far off the beaten track of civilization, bent and bearded, but very proud of his service for the Sahibs, who was in a quandary when he was asked for the direction of a certain well-known local officers' Mess.

He did not know it as the Mess of the Loamshires.

He professed ignorance of the Mess of the Blankshires.

He ignored the existence of the crack regiment who had been there but fifteen years before.

But, when we recalled, hesitantly, the name of a British regiment that had been there twenty-five years ago, his old lined face lit up with intelligence. "But of course," he said, "I knew that the Sahib had got the name of the regiment wrong. It is but a short distance in that direction . . ."

Kipling might hold himself justified. The East, there at any rate, was unchanged.

Ewing Galloway

An India of motor-cars and modern equipment in close touch with modes of life 2,000 years old — a view of Victoria Station, Bombay

The DOG DAYS *are* HERE

Many Dogs had their Day at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace Last Week

A Potentate of the Gorgeous East: *Ashra of Ghazni*, Mr. T. H. Watt's champion Afghan hound, one of the most human of dogs. *Inset on right:* **A visitor from Japan:** Champion *Eastwood Rover*, a Japanese Spaniel, owned by Mrs. Stuart Roger

Dignity and Impudence: One of the smallest of visitors makes friends with one of the largest of exhibits—the glorious St. Bernard, *Queen of the Pass*

Canine Joviality: Mr. R. Capes' Clumber Spaniel *Cornforth Traveller*, which, to judge from its expression, is treating with good-humoured and tolerant incredulity some of the canine "travellers' tail"

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

A Dog of "Blood"! *Ledburn Boadicea*, Mrs. D. Edmund's bloodhound, which was awarded champion and three firsts at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace last week. The red eyes and hanging jowls are characteristic of the breed

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

Sasha

A PERFORMANCE OF GENIUS is given by Miss Flora Robson in The Anatomist *at the new Westminster Theatre. She plays a Scottish daughter of joy and is here seen consoling the young surgeon, acted by Mr. Carleton Hobbs, who has quarrelled with his fiancée and has sought comfort in the low Edinburgh tavern. His assistant (Mr. Robert Eddison) is on extreme right*

"Salome."

The anti-Oscar Wilde chorus has burst out in 1931 with almost as much vehemence as it did in 1895. But the abuse is of a different quality, and is, of course, evoked by different causes. Had "the lord of language" been alive to-day (and if he had carried out his threat of adopting French nationality, it is quite possible that he would be), he is more than likely to have suffered more keenly from the 1931 criticism than from the 1895 obloquy. For Wilde was of the type which would far rather be called wicked than dull. And *Salome*, which has at last been given a public performance, has set neither the Savoy nor the adjacent Thames on fire. In short, it has been voted dull. What is worse, the trick has been discovered.

Oscar Wilde was a first-rate dramatist, and a second-rate poet. That is because when he was a dramatist he was nearly original, and, in the case of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, wholly original. When he was a poet, he always had some model in view, from Tom Hood to Maeterlinck. In *Salome* he is Maeterlinckian, with more than a touch of the Flaubert style of imagery and of the piling-up of words and similes so dear to the Montparnasse group, who were *fin-de-siècle* in the most irritating sense.

There was a time when *Salome* might have shocked us and made our flesh creep; the stage, however, has changed so violently in forty years or so that we need a deal more than poetically-amorous language, a severed head, and the *danse du ventre* to make us more than mildly interested. We must, therefore, fall back on the language of *Salome* and its construction as a play. And here I am reminded of the criticism passed by the late Sir Squire Bancroft on the *Macbeth* of the late Arthur Bourchier. "Parts of it are good," he declared, "but are the parts of it that are good, good enough?"

The answer is—No. If we have not in many respects grown appreciably more clever since the early 'nineties, we can see through the device of making every blessed thing "like" some other blessed thing, faithfully though the Sitwells continue to pursue it. We can also realize how easy it is to compile long lists of objects in flowery language. When Herod recited all the presents he would make Salome if only she would not claim the head of Jokanaan I thought only of auctioneers' catalogues and valuations for probate. And this in spite of the fact that the performance of Mr. Robert Farquharson, who from time to time pops up benevolently from foreign parts to play such characters as demand sadism, incest, and maniacal eroticism, was extraordinarily fine. Fine, too, was Mr. Lawrence Anderson, semi-nude, and entirely sonorous, as Jokanaan, spouting poetry far inferior to what I venture to adapt as:

> Ding dong dell
> The Prophet's in the well.
> Who put him in?
> Herod, full of sin.

Which seems to me to sum up the situation concisely.

The production should either have been swifter or it should have been given more music. Yet it had its good points, and everybody was audible. Miss Joan Maude is not the type for Salome; she is buxom and British instead of being slinky and Oriental, and she has not for this part the necessary equipment as either an actress or a dancer. But she must not be blamed too much for not achieving the impossible—and I presume that it is impossible to find a combination of Sarah Bernhardt and Maud Allan. The Herodias of Miss Nancy Price was powerful, but the power was the power of Paradise Court, London, E., and the man's clothcap and the sack apron were hovering uncomfortably near.

"The Anatomist."

The new Westminster Theatre, erstwhile a picture palace, has opened grimly but well with *The Anatomist*. This play, founded on that curious character, Dr. Knox, and on the "resurrectionists," Burke and Hare, is not a thriller in the conventional sense. Indeed, it is about 100 per cent. better, both as an entertainment and as an artistic achievement, than any thriller I have ever seen. It has a pungent humour (it has been written by a Scot and is largely played by Scots, and I would call this humour "pawky" had I any notion of the meaning of the word), it has literary grace, and it has the indefinable air of being a good play. Which, in fact, it is. Not only because it is clothed in early nineteenth century costumes and is based on history is there reason to think that there is some chance of *The Anatomist* enjoying as long a run as *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*—a conjecture this, not a prophecy. Old Mr. Barrett, as depicted by Mr. Besier, is hardly less of a fiend than Mr. Burke or Mr. Hare.

The author, Mr. James Bridie, who describes himself as a doctor by trade and a writer by inclination, shows us that odd, brusque, brilliant person, Dr. Knox, being rude in a drawing-room, receiving the corpse, for anatomical reasons, of the unfortunate Mary Paterson, and generally creating a stir in Edinburgh in 1828. Dr. Knox's brilliance as a surgeon and as an anatomist, we have, of course, to take on trust. Mr. Henry Ainley, hideously disguised with a red wig and a Wotan patch over his eye, shows us the man, with a few broad strokes and a superb sense of the theatre. It is a part in which Irving would have revelled, and Irving could not have played it better. But all the acting is on a remarkably high level. With grateful obeisance do I offer thanks to Heaven and to Scotland for having sent us Miss Flora Robson, who plays Mary Paterson in a way to which I can only apply in all truth and sincerity that overworked word, genius. Her rage, her tenderness, her maudlin self-pity in the horrible scene in which Burke and Hare ply the wretched prostitute with drink and lure her to her death, are among the finest things the theatre has shown us this year.

Our old friends from the Irish Players, Mr. Harry Hutchinson and Mr. J. A. O'Rourke, are superb actors, though I find their brogue so lovable that Burke and Hare became, to me, Smee-like. The murderers must have been more repulsive villains than this. Mr. Walter Anderson, Mr. Robert Eddison (amusing as a gawky young medical student), Mr. Morland Graham, Miss Betty Hardy, and Miss Gillian Scaife come to mind as members of a long and more than efficient cast. No more interesting play than *The Anatomist* has been produced this year.

"The Queen's Husband."

Mr. Robert Sherwood's comedy, *The Queen's Husband*, should draw full houses to the little Ambassadors' Theatre for a long time to come if it does not, like his *The Road to Rome*, prove too good, too clever, too amusing. For in the course of preaching the gospel that theatrical managers consistently underestimate the intelligence of the public one is apt, about every couple of years or so, to be pulled up short with a nasty jolt.

Mr. Sherwood has shown here—and it is not the least of his achievements—that he can put a modern king and a queen on the stage without making them Puritanian puppets or mere pegs for musical-comedy songs.

Eric VIII rules a prosperous island, and is content to be ruled by his Queen and by the local Mussolini. But not indefinitely. Eric, though not a worm, eventually turned. What is more, Eric, little by little, foiled some revolutionaries, sacked his Mussolini, saved his daughter from an undesirable marriage of convenience, and had the whole kingdom, including his immediate and difficult entourage, eating, figuratively, out of his royal hand. All this is done with much charm, subtlety, and wit. It may also be claimed that it has been done before, for Bernard Shaw had much the same scheme in *The Apple Cart*. If there are resemblances, they are superficial, and Mr. Sherwood is far too clever a man, and too independent a one, to be a plagiarist.

King Eric is played by an actor new to London, Mr. Barry Jones. So good is he that London is not likely to let him go. Mr. Maurice Colbourne, who is a partner in this promising enterprise, gives plenty of point to the part of a prince who, as a husband, is likely to be complacent. Miss Grace Lane, splendidly distinguished as the Queen, has stepped out of one of the worst plays on record into an extremely good one.

"For the Love of Mike."

The new Saville Theatre is very, very new, and even the *art* is *nouveau*. The hero (that is what I call the part played by Mr. Alfred Drayton, for it made the chief impression on me) is *nouveau riche*. Mr. H. F. Maltby can draw common people uncommonly well, and a very live person in his farce with music, *For the Love of Mike*, is Mr. Drayton's "Mr. Miller"—a bald-headed, aitchless (if that's the way to spell it) bully who has made a pile of money in the City. Mr. Maltby is consistently bitter, and I like him when he is bitter, though I have an idea this tends to ward off box-office success. If that were not so, his *Three Birds*, one of the best farces I have ever seen and as bitter as an unripe sloe, would have run a couple of years instead of a couple of weeks or so. But success is augured for *For the Love of Mike*, since the bitterness of Mr. Maltby is leavened by the sweetness of Mr. Bobby Howes. Mr. Howes is invariably described as lovable, and one is told that all the women want to mother him. Which is doubtless a valuable asset. It leaves me stone cold, since I don't want to love comedians but to laugh at them. But in this case, Mr. Howes, always a good little actor, manages to be very, very funny. He puts up a first rate performance on which I have the greatest pleasure in congratulating him.

The story—all about a young girl who has signed a document which has to be stolen out of a safe or she will lose all her money—produces plenty of farcical situations, which Mr. Drayton, Mr. Howes, Mr. Arthur Riscoe (with a loud and rasping voice which can be heard even in a modern theatre), and Miss Viola Tree play for all they are worth, and sometimes a bit more.

Mr. Jack Waller and Mr. Joseph Tunbridge have provided some catchy tunes and, in place of a musical-comedy chorus, there is the Mæstro Quartette, who sing well. Miss Peggy Cartwright is a dainty, if rather self-conscious, dancer—*et voilà tout*. Miss Olga Lindo, has never, surely, had so poor a part.

Special "Sphere" picture

THE SIX UNANGELIC "ANGELS"! The chorus of Mrs. Ape, the revivalist—a caricature of Aimée Semple MacPherson—in the Arts Theatre Club production of Vile Bodies *taken from the brilliant satire of pre-war life by Evelyn Waugh*

"ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND"

A Trio of Effective Scenes from the Ashley Dukes-Ferdinand Bruckner-Heinz Hilpert production at the Cambridge Theatre

CONSPIRACY: Bacon (Mr. Frank Vosper), Essex (Mr. Leslie Perrins), Mountjoy (Mr. Ernest Haines), and Northumberland (Mr. Reginald Yarman) plot together before the (abortive) Essex rising—that futile attempt to raise London against the Queen and the Cecils, the sequel to which is seen in the picture below. It was Bacon, on whose behalf Essex made many efforts, who betrayed the plot—a tense scene in Mr. Ashley Duke's interpretation of Herr Bruckner's play at the Cambriage Theatre

"GLORIANA"

THE PENALTY OF CONSPIRACY: Elizabeth (Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry) signs death warrants prompted by Cecil, Lord Burghley (Mr. A. Bromley Davenport), and among them is that for the execution of Essex, her beloved. Even her love, however, is subordinate to her sense of England and its necessities as to her sense of herself. Elizabeth in this play has little vanity in front of Cecil, but in front of Essex she is the flamboyant figure shown inset above on the left—*the red-haired, raddled, yet always impressive and glorious figure of history. It is, perhaps, the most effective scene in the entire "legend" when Essex breaks into the Queen's apartment to find her, grey-haired, old, and more like a witch than a woman*

"The IRON DUKE"

The Guedalla Biography of Wellington and Other Literary Matters

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

The Duke. His fame is adequately measured by the fact that the term connotes one duke only, to the exclusion of Monmouth and Marlborough even, though the latter shared with Wellington his origin as a commoner, and fame as a soldier. But despite his universal fame Wellington is known only by the high lights of his career. The name of Waterloo overshadows everything else. It was, if not the least of his battles, neither the most arduous nor the most desperate. Had he lost Waterloo he might have met Napoleon on another field later. Long before Waterloo he had proved himself a worthy adversary. The real achievement, the demonstration of that cold quality of leadership, the precision, the genius for abiding the hour and seizing the moment, had been recorded in the wars of the Peninsular. Before that brilliant campaign he had been a politician. After the close of his military career he became a politician again. Waterloo was really only an incident in a long life of varied activity. It has waterlogged every biographical craft in the vast literary armada of Wellingtonia.

Now, in a formidable list, comes Mr. Philip Guedalla. *The Duke* (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.) He has tackled the great Duke, and before one is half-way through this meticulous volume it becomes evident that the great Duke has tackled Mr. Guedalla. The task has made an historian out of an epigrammatist, a writer out of a literary acrobat. I have always enjoyed and sought Mr. Guedalla's brilliance, but I have never trusted him. In the past the bright phrase, the witty turn, triumphed over the just assize, the colourless truth, and too often there emerged a vulgarity that made one slightly ashamed of one's enjoyment of his lapse of manners. I was prepared to find *The Duke* brilliant, every page enjoyable, the literary fireworks nicely timed through the schedule of facts with those efflorescent tail-pieces that precede the dismissal of the gaping crowd. But nothing of this customary Mr. Guedalla has emerged. Perhaps nothing is incorrect; one or twice the old Adam makes his quip, as in the reference to Byron "having noted the rare lyric possibilities of a sound of revelry by night"—a bright sentence that, examined, proves to be nonsense. But we can now pay tribute to Mr. Philip Guedalla the historian, to his patience, his exactitude, his unflagging investigation, sound judgment, splendid balance and scale, and always the highly readable quality of every page. He carries the reader to the grey closing days of the old warrior, past the climax of Waterloo, and evades the sense of anti-climax unlike all his predecessors.

The work stands as a whole, a solid monument of scholarship, insight, sympathy and, where conjecture has been necessary or charitableness reasonable, of logic also. He does not magnify the hero, though I think he is on the kind side. Wellington was a man with nearly every endowment except a heart. He was often a brute to his officers and men, in one case driving a brilliant soldier to suicide, an aspect Mr. Guedalla just glances at. He nourished a great contempt of Napoleon yet had little of his magnetism along the ranks. His rise to power was easy; the Wellesley family held all the forts. Aristocrats, handsome, intelligent, they suffered no initial handicaps. Even so, other men as well endowed achieved far less. He was destined to be the Great Duke. "The hand of God was on me," he commented after Waterloo, the only time he ever allowed a knowledge of destiny or a belief in the Divine to escape him.

It is in the odd little things that Mr. Guedalla's scrupulous care is revealed. It is easy to be accurate about Badajoz or Waterloo. The searchlight has been fiercely played upon those moments in the Duke's career. My reading of Wellingtonia has been almost as omnivorous as Mr. Guedalla's. I have had reason. The Colley blood is in my veins; an ancestor commanded a brigade at Pamplona. I was ready, therefore, to fall upon Mr. Guedalla. He has left me no loophole. He skates beautifully over the fact that Wellington had the flimsiest claim, if indeed any claim at all, to take the name of Wellington territorially. "Some feudal ancestor, it seemed, had held lands near Wellington." And there is the singular fact that actually no Wesley (imposingly transformed to Wellesley) blood was in him. His grandfather assumed the name; the Duke was a Colley of those "Colleys who, emerging from the English Midlands in the latter Middle Ages, had retained their English purity through three centuries of life in Ireland." Actually they emerged from Rutlandshire. In these unimportant details where so many have erred, Mr. Guedalla is correct. He emerges unscathed from stronger tests, as for instance in his glance at the brother's career, which may be followed in detail in Mr. P. E. Roberts' monograph, *India under Wellesley*.

The hand of God was on Wellington in many senses. He did not sully his name or jeopardise his career with an American command; he declined the adventure. Fate at one time seemed inclined to thrust both Byron and Wellington on the New World. The probabilities invite lively speculation. Fate did chance to bring, riding into Salamanca on the night of victory, Francisco Goya, who saw and sketched the British commander. A strange, impressive sketch it is, "the exhausted victor, unshaven, hollow-eyed, the damp hair plastered to his forehead," as reproduced in this book.

The hero who lived to have his windows broken by the mob, who, seeing a redcoat walk past his lodging in Brussels, said to Creevy, "It all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not," could not be expected to believe in democracy. Luckily he was just before the age, as, it would seem, we are just getting past it, and my impression after reading Mr. Guedalla's lucid study of the Duke as politician is that his career on that stage was as creditable and meritorious as on any other. And for this reason, among many, Mr. Guedalla's *tour de force* renders a necessary service to the memory of the Great Duke. His notes and documentation might serve as a model for future biographers, as well as his style and scale.

Mr. John Drinkwater has been looking into his ancestry. In this first volume, *Inheritance* (Benn. 10s. 6d.), he reveals that his ancestors farmed, drove stage-coaches, and that one kept the George Hotel at Oxford. It sounds prosaic enough, and yet what a delectable book Mr. Drinkwater has given us with such simple material. It is irresistible from the opening paragraph, a superb beginning for a book as well as for a poet and dramatist. I cannot resist quotation:

"When I was still in frocks I went to stay with my grandfather at Oxford. An unpleasant person in his household offended me. One morning while she was dressing me in a starched frock that stuck out round me like a diminutive ballet skirt she was more offensive than usual. When I was clothed she left me, and with bad thoughts I went downstairs. There I found another person on her knees. Beside her was a pail into which she wrung her dirty cloth. Silently, and with malice in my heart, I watched until her eyes were turned, then sat squarely in the pail, taking the starch out of my frock and, I evilly hoped, out of my oppressor."

Down the byways of personal history, Mr. Drinkwater discovers delightful things. The old stage-coach comes to life again and rattles into the innyard. A child's mind is open to us. Practising for the school sports' high jump, the young Drinkwater retired into a quiet corner and "devoutly requested God to make me jump one more inch, which He did."

We learn of the "adroitness, nerve, and judgment displayed by the drivers of stage-coaches," a remarkable phase in our island story, now forgotten. And how vividly Mr. Drinkwater brings to life again that sturdy breed of Oxfordshire farmers, with their large families, large hearts, sound prosperity, and incurable pessimism! We sit at their plentiful boards, with their side table for the farm-servants, and know those spacious days ere wireless, aeroplanes, and income-tax built us an empty paradise. The record closes with the young Drinkwater proceeding to Nottingham to begin commercial life in an office there.

Years later I encountered a ghostly memory of him in that city, and, a boy, marvelled that poets, who had seemed a race of dead wonders, were so near me in the flesh. At Nottingham Mr. Drinkwater leaves us, an insurance clerk. I await the further pilgrimage with impatience. A word of praise to the publisher for a piece of exquisite printing, and some enchanting daguerreotypes of the Drinkwater ancestors. They make me covet a stove-pipe hat, side-whiskers, and an Albert chain.

Mr. C. E. Vulliamy has given us admirable studies of Voltaire and Rousseau. To these he now adds *John Wesley* (Bles. 10s. 6d.). There is fine drama here, the surge of an exciting age, the fire of religious ecstasy, human courage, and saintliness. Mr. Vulliamy is a master in the use of his materials—just, dispassionate, and yet with a fine enthusiasm for his subject. It is singular that so vivid a life has not attracted more attention. John Wesley was probably the greatest moral force in England during the eighteenth century, a period steeped in depravity. He strove through opposition, lived the life of a saint, and was blessed with a long and vigorous life, for he preached on his eighty-seventh birthday. The friendship of the two brothers was beautiful. The unhappy marriage that marred Wesley's life and has been so fruitful of scandals is related by Mr. Vulliamy with sound sense. Wesley, like his kinsman, the Iron Duke, was, in a different sense, a force in the building of the Empire. It is time Wesley was regarded as something much more than as a schismatic or the originator of a new denomination. This book should help a wider estimate of a great figure.

I really cannot say that I have either understood or enjoyed Miss Virginia Woolf's new novel, *The Waves* (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.). The voices of the characters speaking in her book sound like those of a spiritualistic medium. The book is really a series of monologues on innumerable aspects of life. The parts, therefore, have force and the stamp of Mrs. Woolf's original mind. But if we seek cohesion or design as well as a story, then *The Waves* in no sense conforms to the customary pattern. As an intellectual exercise it has merit; as an entertainment it is a form of hard labour.

Mr. A. A. Milne's first novel, *Two People* (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), exhibits his amiable quality. A novelist, Reginald Welland, suddenly finds fame—lucky Richard, with a first novel, too. Then he is drawn into the theatrical field, while his young wife is drawn into Society. With an actress on the one side and a Peer of the Realm on the other a happy marriage nearly comes to wreckage. Such are the perils of becoming a best-seller. We leave the loving pair in bed, the storm over, and the novel still selling. Every page exudes a pleasing sentiment which is to be expected, for here is the Milne recipe for a perfect life: "To be a marvellous athlete from fifteen to twenty-five, a beautiful woman from twenty-five to thirty-five, a great writer from thirty-five to forty-five, a world-famous statesman from fifty-five to sixty-five, and a gardener from sixty-five to seventy-five." Nice Mr. Milne, there's not a character in his book he really hurts.

In *Ithuriel's Hour* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) Miss Joanna Cannan has taken her plot straight from King David. Sir Clement Vyse, climbing a peak in the Himalayas, pushes his colleague over a precipice, comes home and claims the triumphant record, basks in fame, and marries his victim's widow. It sounds bald enough, and yet Miss Cannan has produced a really dramatic story. There are some breathless scenes on the mountain slopes, a superb background, and in the foreground the intense, personal conflict. The reaction of the son to his fraudulent father is strikingly conveyed.

Mr. Anthony Gibbs kept me chuckling with joy from the first to the last page of his fantastic story, *The New Crusade* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). Here is Carlyle's startling vision carried down from the House of Lords to the masses, but it is a nudity up to date, with a rare study of press-mongering underlying the fantasia. Lord Surbiton and Lord Waterbank have come straight out of Fleet Street. The story ends with a Wellsian whirl. I found myself reeling and reading at the page where Mr. Gibbs sends out all the London omnibuses with naked drivers and conductors, and his Lido is something beyond the screens and dreams of Mr. Lansbury. A great entertainment.

If you like horses read *A Master of Hounds* (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.), the story of Harry Buckland, who figured in Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man*. If you like fairy tales read *The Twilight of Magic* (Cape. 7s. 6d.), by Hugh Lofting, who created Dr. Dolittle to keep us well and young. If you like fantasy read *Recaptured*, by Colette (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), a dryad story by the author of *Chéri*. And although the week is rich in novels, squeeze in *East Wind, West Wind*, a Chinese story by Pearl Buck (Methuen. 7s. 6d.).

Recommended List:

French Painting, *by R. H. Wilenski* **(Medici Society. 30s. net).**—A sumptuous volume for the library table. Text and illustrations superlatively good.

Shakespeare versus Shallow, *by Leslie Hotson* **(Nonesuch Press. 12s. 6d. net).**—A by-pass in Shakespearean research that leads to Justice Shallow, who was apparently taken from the life by Shakespeare. An exciting discovery.

Letters of Queen Victoria, 1886–1901 (Murray. £1 5s. net).—Gladstone's old age—Rosebery—the Ashanti expedition.

A Book with Seven Seals (Secker. 8s. 6d. net).—Mr. Walpole again writes a preface and promises not to reform. It may be this commendatory epistle is quite justified since the novel may be Mr. Walpole's own?

The House in Dormer Forest, *by Mary Webb* **(Cape. 7s. 6d. net).**—A charming illustrated edition of her autobiographical novel.

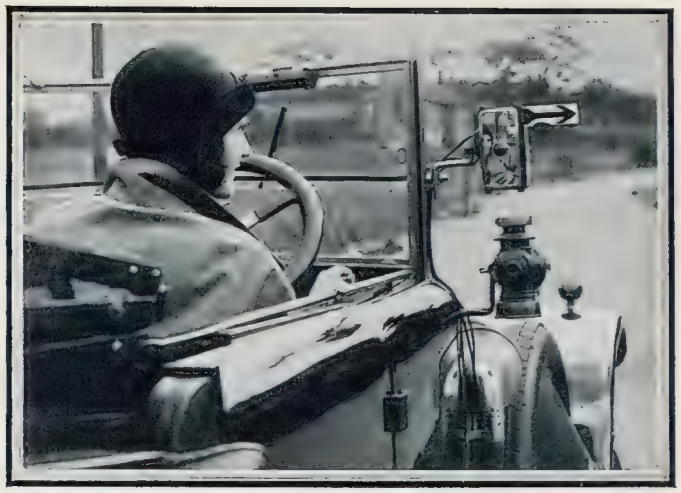
English Costume in the Eighteenth Century, *by Iris Brooke and James Laver* **(A. C. Black. 6s. net).**—A delightful period revealed by picture and pen.

Sarah Gay, *by Mary Borden* **(Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net).**—Miss Borden in Paris again with all the entertainment that denotes.

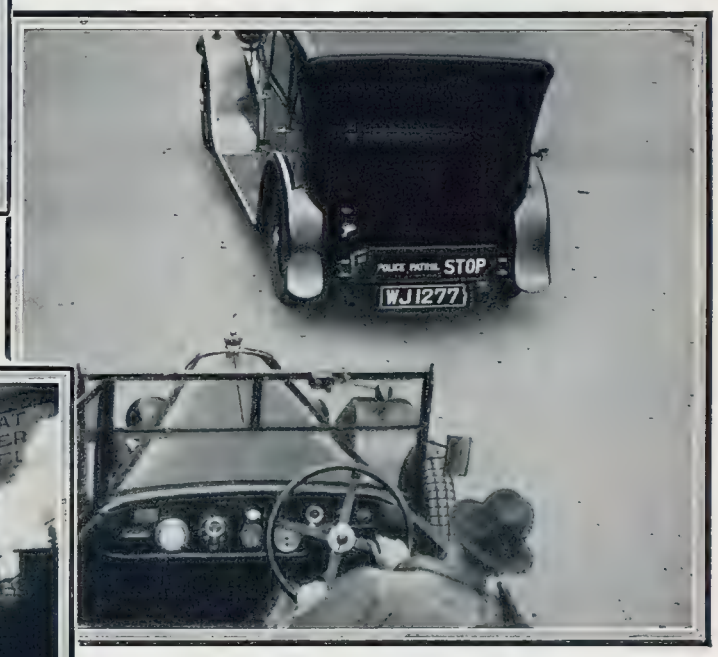
HIGHWAY MEN *and* WOMEN

The Latest Developments in Transport

POSTAL VANS FOR SOUTH AMERICA: One of the seven postal rail coaches ordered in Britain by the Entre Rio Railway Co., goes aboard the motor ship, *Beljeanne*, at Avonmouth Dock, whence they left for Buenos Ayres. The coaches are equipped with counters and a sorting office, just like a post office; sleeping quarters for the staff are also installed—as there are huge areas in Latin America where communication is difficult

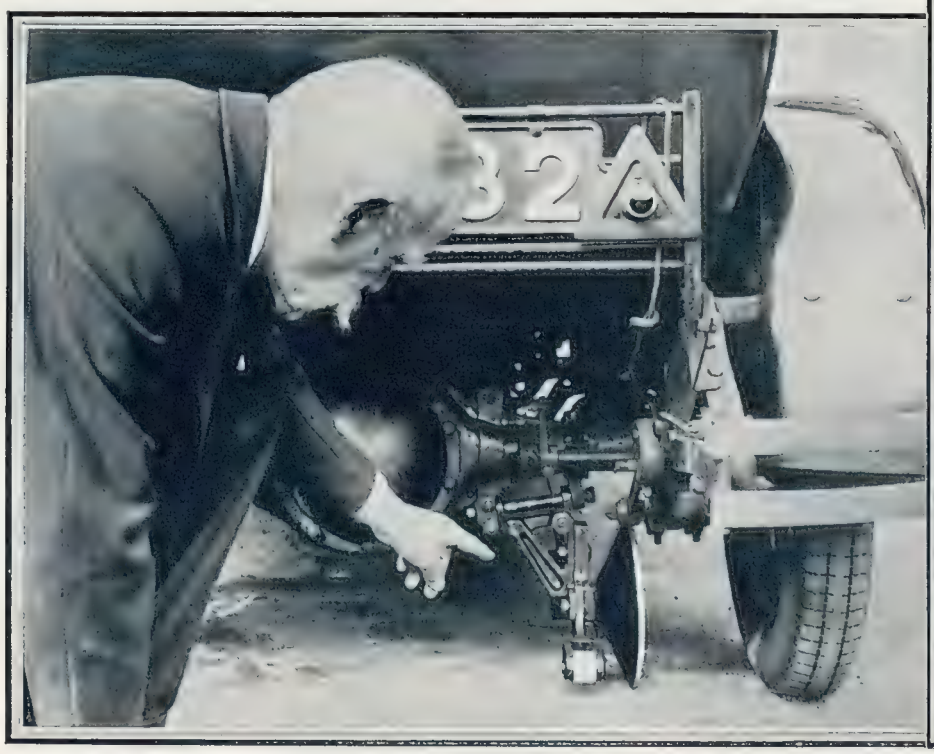


SAFETY FIRST: A device invented by a young chauffeur of Luton, Mr. P. Scanes, in use by a woman driver. This is a combined driving-mirror and turn indicator—the latter in the form of an alternatively illuminated arrow pointing left (green) or right (red) as desired. It is operated from the steering column



ORDERS TO BAD DRIVERS: The first police patrol signal devised by the Sheffield police seen above in action. The letters are invisible until a dashboard switch is depressed. The police car is capable of overtaking any mass production car on the road

THE SIGNAL AGAINST THE CAR. Railway signals being used to control traffic at the crossing of the Great Western Company's line to Shrub Hill Station, Worcester, on the main Pershore road. Although automatic traffic signals are being generally adopted, Worcester will not abandon this pioneer attempt to popularise railway signals on the highway because the city has the honour of having devised the first railway signal in the world



ANTI-SKID: Mr. W. A. E. Crombie, a scientist and engineer of London, demonstrates his new device to render skidding no longer uncontrollable. This consists of a conical steel wheel on the back axle on the offside of the differential. Combined with the narrow knife-edge where is a small roller acting as a guide. The device is lowered to touch the ground only when released from the steering column at the actual moment of skidding. The wheel digs firmly into the road surface, thus automatically righting the car

WITH THE ENGINE BEHIND: A striking "baby" innovation glimpsed at Coventry. The engine of this small Rover is, as in the Prince of Wales's Burnley, set aft and is air-cooled. It is claimed that this type of cooling is more suitable for extremes of temperature than water-cooling—especially in ice-bound or tropical areas.

COLLECTING VICTORIANA

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

With an air of conscious virtue, Felicity sat by the window, placidly sewing. I asked her what she was making. "A sampler," was the reply, and there was no doubt that my young sister's expression came perilously near to a smirk of self-satisfaction. Hitherto a hockey-stick has seemed more suited to Felicity's hand than an embroidery-needle, but her announcement that "all the girls at school are making samplers" has a certain significance. This passion for Victorianism is not, apparently, a matter of fashion's vagaries. The milliners may triumphantly revive the bowler hat, the designers may loudly proclaim the return of the bustle and the leg-o'-mutton sleeve—these are merely questions of the whim of the moment. The Victorian revival has deeper roots than that.

Collectors who have their fingers on the pulse of the public taste, like Miss Jane Samuels the Victorian expert, will tell you that for the past year or so there has been a growing interest in the once so much despised antiquities of Victorian times. Now is the moment to collect them. To-morrow they promise to be very valuable, their prices are going up rapidly. Many a garret may yield Victorian treasures that were put away in disgrace when the Victorian era was first condemned as lacking in culture. Now, so curious a thing is public taste, there is a high artistic value in such things as bead-work foot-stools, petit point cushions, samplers, wax flowers, and heavy gold jewellery set with turquoise and coral and garnet.

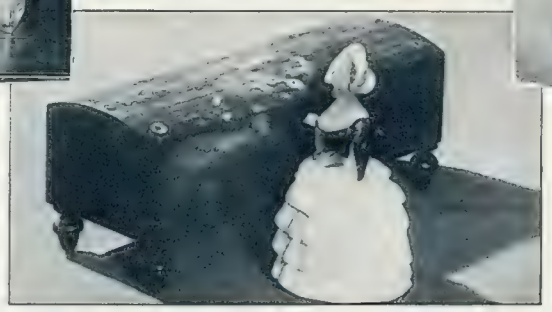
FOR THE BOUDOIR: A plush-lined toilet-bottle case

We condemned our great grandmothers for cluttering up their rooms with useless ornaments. But if they hadn't done so, how much less interesting curio-hunting would be to-day! The little antique-shops are filled with Victorian knick-knacks, many of them still quite inexpensive and easily come by. To start a collection of some typical Victorian product would be not only absorbing but, in the future, may well turn out to be most profitable. You have to know your subject. That only adds to the interest, of course, but a certain amount of specified knowledge is necessary, for nowadays modern counterparts of Victorian art are being made in great numbers to please the uncritical collector and annoy the genuine connoisseur.

Real Victorian paper-weights, for instance, are becoming quite scarce and rather valuable. There are plenty of modern copies to be seen, but they haven't the interest of the older kind, with their inset pictures, their prim little bouquets of flowers, their gay, swirling snowstorms which must have amused our great-grandmothers for hours. Even now there is a thrill in shaking up a placid paper-weight, and seeing its interior dissolve into a whirlwind of tiny white flakes.

A VICTORIAN QUARTETTE: Above is a cushion cover in wool; while left and right are two views of a toilet-bottle case; also on the right is an attractive paper weight; below is a fascinating jewel-box

GLASS PAPER WEIGHTS are an excellent investment to-day



JEWEL BOXES in this form or in the shape of a miniature chest are delightfully Victorian

Samplers, as Felicity will tell you, are being made again to-day, as they have been made all through the centuries. We always look upon samplers as being essentially Victorian, and yet, of course, they are much older than that. They were made away back in Tudor times, if not before, and Tudor samplers are eagerly sought after by the collectors. But the Victorian era was the most prolific of all as far as samplers were concerned, and every well-brought up little girl sewed her sampler diligently and neatly, finishing the work thankfully, no doubt, by signing her name and the date, together, very often, with a pious quotation, that brought her carefully achieved piece of needlework to a prim conclusion.

Samplers are an interesting study. If you look at them carefully you will find that no two are alike. They are embroidered on many different materials. Flannel and linen are, on the whole, the most usual, but if you are very fortunate you may come across one that has been worked on hand-woven fabric, for in the old days women wove their own materials; it was one of the attributes of gentle breeding. A tiny sampler, 2 in. by 2, recently came into one collector's hands; another found a very valuable one, so finely worked in cross-stitch that it gave almost the effect of tapestry. The samplers which are worked with the letters of the alphabet within plain borders are the simplest; the rarer, more valuable ones are embroidered with elaborate flower and fruit designs in very fine, close stitchery.

Victorian silhouettes and book-markers are being collected nowadays. They haven't much intrinsic value, perhaps, but they are interesting.

The silhouettes, cut out in black paper and framed, are often an amusing commentary on the origin of present-day fashions. The book-markers, like the samplers, generally represent the labours of some demure Victorian young lady, bent on occupying her time worthily. Many are made of perforated paper, worked gaily in cross-stitch, others are carried out in hand-woven silk, delicately embroidered.

Victorian glass is also in demand. It is from the Victorians, indeed, that we have inherited a taste for the coloured glass that is now so very fashionable. They liked coloured glass, too, although they didn't go in for it to the extent we do. Amber glasses with gilt rims were, however, used in Victorian times for white wine, claret was poured into red glasses, and the red decanters and jugs that went with these glasses are, with many of us, all that remain of the sets used last century, the more fragile glasses having had toll taken of them in breakages. Bright blue glass was also popular in Victorian times; you can count yourself lucky if you pick up a set of blue glass finger-bowls of a genuine Victorian kind, while crystal salt-cellars of the same period are also not to be looked down upon. Witch balls have become so fashionable that the genuine old ones are rather hard to find. The modern ones are equally decorative, of course. Those glowing globes of vivid colour certainly lend charm to a room, but whether the present-day ones have the magic property of the antique witch balls, that were warranted to exorcise evil spirits, is a question for the occultist to decide, rather than the incurious dabbler in gentle Victorianism.

Shirley Darbyshire

ELECTRIC LIGHT

Treated in a Modern Manner

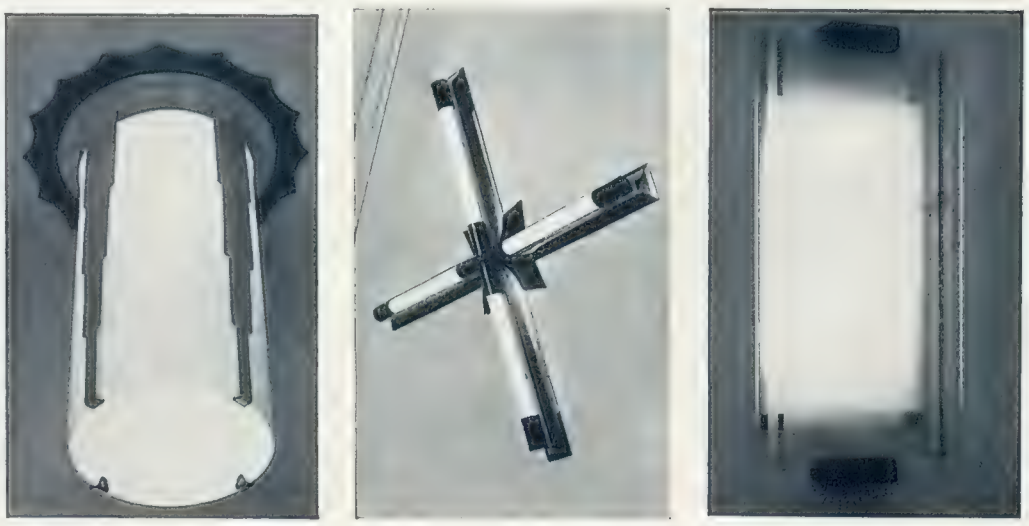
One of the most pleasing features of a modern interior is frequently the electric lighting; but the beautiful effects now possible with electric light are fully as much a scientific as an artistic achievement. It is now generally recognized that all lighting should be by the indirect or semi-indirect method, and the living filament of the lamp is never allowed to be visible.

Concealed lighting is sometimes run round the ceiling cornices; and in modern interiors where there are no mouldings the ceiling is sometimes surrounded with a "step," or even with a series of them, giving an effect of greater height, or of a coffered ceiling; the lighting is then concealed in the sides or "risers" of the steps behind opaque glass.

With modern pendants and wall brackets great ingenuity has been employed to ensure that the light will be well diffused and that no awkward shadows will be thrown. The fitting has also to be pleasing in appearance, and must be so made that the electric lamp may be easily inserted or removed. To fulfil the last-mentioned requirement at least eight or nine different shapes and types of lamp are now available, ranging from ordinary clear, pearl and colour-sprayed lamps, to long slender strip lamps and little candle lamps. The strip lights are employed for the tubular fittings now fashionable and for many concealed lighting schemes, and the candle lamps may be employed effectively for the inside of glass table lamps of the bowl or vase type.

Good modern lighting is wonderfully diffused, and its effect is greatly helped by the plastic paints and oil paints now fashionable for interior decoration. The slightly shiny surface of the painted wall makes an excellent reflecting surface which seems almost luminous when the light is switched on.

For the first time in history we have a form of artificial illumination which is thoroughly artistic, capable of infinite variety of effect, great softness and subtlety, and the most perfect control. We are still only beginning to realize the æsthetic possibilities that lie in the scientific utilization of electric light by means of specially designed fittings, planned to give subtly graduated effects of light and shadow. With electricity real poetry in lighting is possible. The latest fittings show increasing realization of this fact.



NOVEL LIGHTING EFFECTS: A tubular ceiling fitting in glass and metal; a cruciform tubular ceiling light; and a wall-light formed of two sheets of plate glass etched with acid held in brightly cellulose-enamelled clamp-holders

Baseden Buff

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

MOTORING *in* WINTER

Warm Coats to Ward off the Icy Winds that Penetrate even a Closed Car

At the top of the picture is a sleeveless leather jacket with zip fastener, costing 30s. The check woollen wrap costs 21s. The gauntlet gloves are lined with wool, with reflector at back. Their price is 16s. 6d. a pair in all sizes. Austin Reed

For race meetings or motoring this rubberized corduroy velvet coat is ideal. It is made in five different colours and is thoroughly waterproof. Milwata Co., Ltd.

Studd and Millington sponsor this warm wrap-over coat for motoring. It has deep pockets and a striped collar

Right, a green motoring coat trimmed with a warm collar of Persian lamb. *Left*, the coat is in black, and again is trimmed with the same fur

Sealskin is again the vogue of the moment, and here is illustrated a coat of that fur becomingly trimmed with a deep, warm collar. Swan and Edgar

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE SPHERE

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

BY A PALM-FRINGED SHORE ON THE WEST INDIES: The scene brings to mind the stories of piratical hulks driven ashore on tropic isles of the West Indies, in the stirring days of the buccaneers, when crews built themselves new craft under the dire pressure of necessity

To the SUNSHINE ISLES of the West

Cruises to Jamaica and the West Indies

This year no fewer than five enterprising British steamship companies are sending liners on special cruises to the West Indian Islands. These cruises are very well planned, for not only will the liners call at all the larger islands, but they will also visit Colon, thus giving passengers the opportunity of seeing the Panama Canal.

The liners going on these cruises are provided with swimming baths and every kind of equipment for deck games. Dancing, bridge, sports, and the ever-welcome eleven o'clock cups of soup (which become ices after the Azores are sighted) will while away the time all too quickly.

The first port of call is usually Barbados, which Charles Kingsley, before he had ever seen it, accurately described as "a very garden of the Lord." The island is comparatively flat and is densely cultivated with sugar-cane. It is an island of coral formation, and is, therefore, not to be compared with some of its volcanic neighbours for beauty. Nevertheless its numerous gullies, with their wealth of tropical vegatation, have a peculiar charm of their own, and the care-free negroes with their quaint talk are a study in themselves. The climate is delightful, for the heat of the tropical sun is tempered by the north-east trades from the Atlantic.

It is impossible to say which is the most beautiful of the West Indies: Jamaica, Trinidad, St. Vincent, Dominica, or Santa Lucia, with its two sugar-loaf mountains, called the Pitons, which rise sheer out of the sea side by side. They are all exquisitely beautiful. Lofty mountains clothed in tropical vegetation are tossed together in amazing profusion. At the foot of these mountains, usually on the leeward side, nestle picturesque towns and villages drowsily basking under the tropical sun, their red roofs peeping through the coconut trees which fringe the white coral sandy beaches.

Passengers must not expect a long time ashore at each of the ports visited, for usually the call is just long enough to whet the appetite and make them wish for more. But the excursions are in capable hands, and it is amazing how much can be done within the limits of a short tropical day. Yet it is not to be wondered at that so many cruising visitors should feel the call of these Western Isles and return again to the Caribbean to spend the winter among these sun-kissed islands.

For winter visitors there are many attractions, and these visitors are well catered for both by the steamship companies, which maintain regular services, and the excellent hotels which can be found to suit every purse on all the larger islands. There is splendid fishing to be had in the sea and in the rivers, and the best sun- and sea-bathing in the world. Yachting is also a great sport. There are some excellent country clubs, and plenty of tennis, cricket, football, golf, and polo. The West Indies cater for many tastes, and they have much to interest visitors who are keen on history or genealogy. It must not be forgotten that the Caribbean Sea was the cradle of the Royal Navy. Something more than the traditions of Benbow, Rodney, and Nelson remain in ancient forts, inscriptions, and place names to remind one of that fact. The Army, also, has played a great part in winning these islands, fighting a foreign foe and disease and pestilence. It seems almost impossible to visualize such scenes in the happy, sunny islands that we see to-day. One might go on singing the praises of the West Indies for ever without transcending the truth, but space is limited, and there are other beautiful places which should be visited.

SUMMER QUARTERS: A view looking down upon Newcastle (Jamaica) military quarters. Kingston is nineteen miles away. Newcastle is used as summer quarters by the army, its altitude being 4,200 ft.

In Costa Rica, for instance, very pleasant holidays can be spent, especially in the Uplands. There, at an altitude of some 3,800 ft., the climate is very similar to the best May weather in England. The summit of the extinct volcano, Irazu, 11,200 ft. above sea level, can be reached without great difficulty, and from there the view is marvellous. On a clear day both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans can be seen.

Let us turn also to:

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied."

This group of islands is not in the West Indies but lies in the Western Atlantic 667 miles from New York. Many steamers call there on the way to and from the Caribbean Sea. The climate is justly famous, for though less warm than the more tropical West Indies it is very pleasant during the winter months and the sea breezes make it very healthy. Here again all kinds of sport can be indulged in.

Many of the islands are intimately connected with the stirring story of the buccaneers who made many of these coral-fringed beaches ring with the clash of their cutlasses and echo to their varied curses. At first the buccaneers were ostensibly fighting against Spain, but in course of time their activities in many cases degenerated into piracy pure and simple. They frequented the Bahamas and the Virgin Islands, and on the Caymens they are reported to have buried considerable treasure. The infamous John Teach, or Blackbeard, is linked with the history of the island of St. Thomas, but it was at Port Royal, Jamaica, that the buccaneers established themselves in greatest strength. Port Royal formed, as it were, a kind of mart for the buccaneers' booty. The piratical stories connected with Port Royal make the spot particularly worth visiting.

When the days of our all too brief summer begin to shorten, and winter—cold, wet and foggy—looms ahead, bear in mind these beautiful islands in the west. There you will find an ideal winter holiday, brilliant sunshine, and a great variety of scenery and amusement.

On a trip to the Caribbean Sea men should take thin flannel, light tweed, or even tussore suits. Dress clothes are worn in the evening throughout the West Indies and dinner jackets and dress coats without linings are a great comfort. Canvas shirts with silk underwear and silk pyjamas are recommended. White boots are preferable to brown or black ones as they are cooler and more easily cleaned. At night especially boots are better than shoes as they protect the ankles from the assaults of mosquitoes. Ladies should take their usual thin summer dresses and several easily folded evening frocks. A really good light mackintosh is also invaluable.

Visitors to the West Indies from England will find that the food and drinks are novel to them. "Coffee" is the first meal of the day. This or tea is served with toast and butter at 6 a.m. Breakfast is a movable feast and is put on the table some time between 10 a.m. and noon. It is a meal more nearly resembling luncheon than breakfast. Tea follows at 4.30 or 5, and dinner is at 7.30 or 8 o'clock.

There are many lines which run regular services and trips to the West Indies, including Fyffes Line which runs three fortnightly services to various ports from Avonmouth. For those who have leisure to go and want a sunny, restful change from an English winter there is no better holiday than a trip to the West Indies.

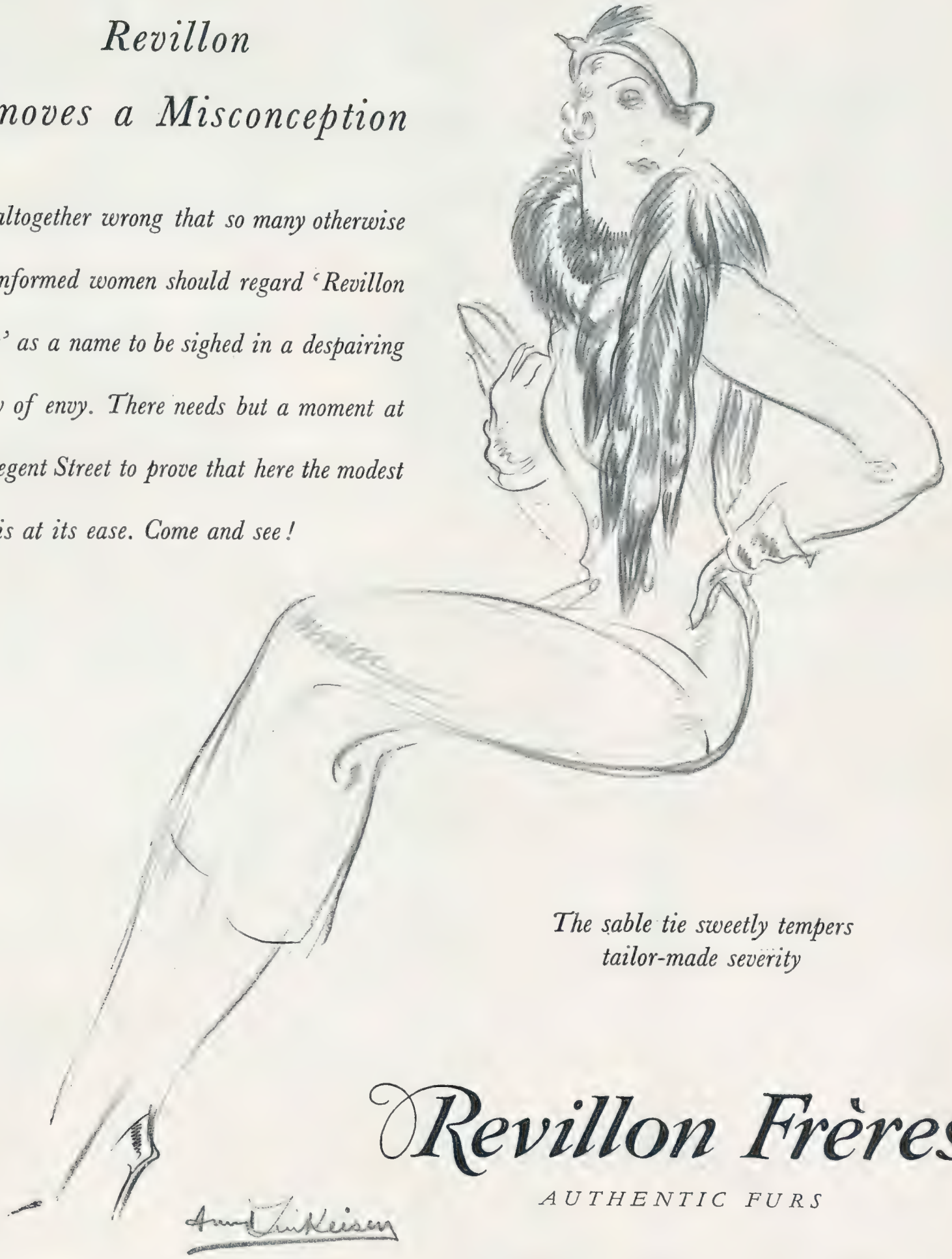
Finally, there is the remarkable flora of the West Indies for those who are interested in botany. This is seen at its best in the well-kept botanic gardens of Dominica, Trinidad, St. Vincent, and Jamaica, where almost every kind of tropical plant and tree is cultivated. Grandest of all are the scarlet poinsettias, which grow in profusion.

PRIESTMAN'S RIVER: A glorious example of the wealth of coastal scenery which affords such a delightful experience to the motorist in Jamaica. The island boasts over 3,000 miles of excellent roads, most of which run through magnificent country

Revillon

Removes a Misconception

It is altogether wrong that so many otherwise well-informed women should regard 'Revillon Frères' as a name to be sighed in a despairing ecstasy of envy. There needs but a moment at 180 Regent Street to prove that here the modest purse is at its ease. Come and see!



The sable tie sweetly tempers tailor-made severity

Revillon Frères

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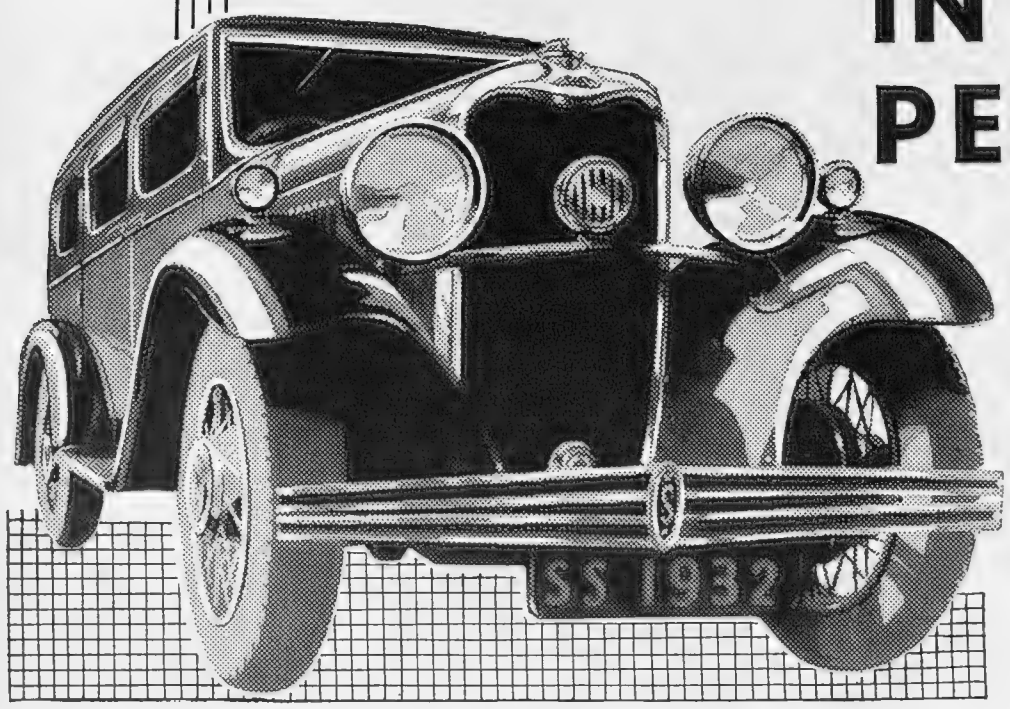

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STAND 110 OLYMPIA

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Twelve-Six Saloon	£235
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If you desire a car of proved reliability, distinguished in appearance, luxurious in roomy comfort, then the latest Singer models will make an instant appeal. Make a point of trying the new Singer on the road . . . . compare its performance, equipment and honest value for money with many higher priced cars, and you will be convinced that you could not *spend more wisely.*

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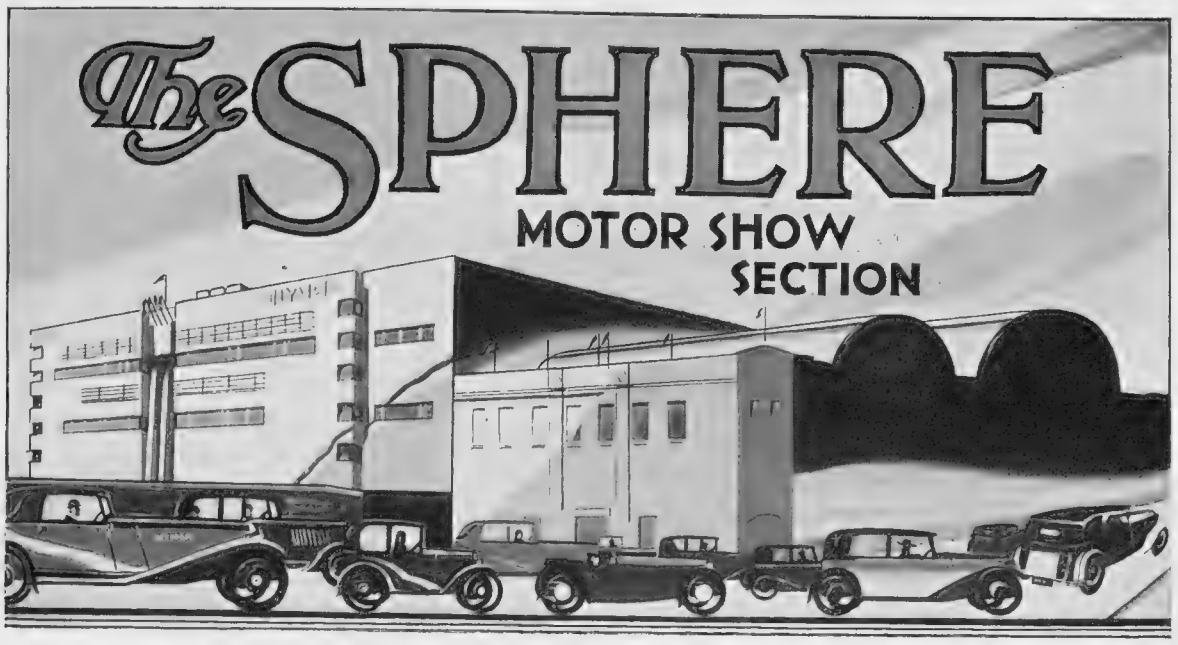


• THE PETROL WORLD •

■ 1932 ■ THE MOTOR SHOW ■ 1932 ■

A General Survey of the Great Annual Event in the Petrol World—the Motor Show which this year celebrates the achievement of a Quarter of a Century of Ever-increasingly Vigorous Lite

• By A. PERCY BRADLEY M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. •

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands Race Track: Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

One of the brightest stars in the industrial sky which has been overcast with clouds of depression for some considerable time is the motor trade. Outputs have in many cases increased during the past twelve months and there has been at least one case of a large firm declaring a 100 per cent. dividend. This sort of thing does not happen by chance and it must, therefore, be a source of great wonderment to many to know how the motor trade succeeds where others fail. The pleasing result of the year's trading has been attained by hard work coupled with the desire and the ability to give value for money. Manufacturers of motor cars in this country never rest on their oars. They strive continually to give better and better value, and to-day under the roofs of Olympia the results of their efforts are apparent. The secret of success is revealed at the exhibition. The keynote of the great Motor Show is economy all round. The collective foresight of the motor trade has been remarkable. Months and months ago they laid their plans to produce cars that would take a full load, pulled by a tiny engine, which can do its job with just a whiff of petrol. In this way the cost of running has been brought very low and, what is equally important, purchase prices have been reduced to a figure which only a few years ago would have been thought impossible.

I doubt if any motor exhibition has previously been held in such a time of stress, but it behoves everyone to take a sane view rather than make a sudden decision that any money available should be hoarded and not spent. We have been told by those in high authority that where individuals have money available, they should still purchase home produced goods as they would if the financial affairs of the nation were in better working order. Those who would in the ordinary way buy their first motor car, or would replace their present possession with a new model, should do so provided that the money thus expended remains inside the Empire. Most citizens will act accordingly, but even those who are pessimistically minded will find it difficult to leave Olympia without having made up their mind to buy a new motor car. If there ever was a really fascinating and tempting display of motor cars arrayed under one roof it is to be seen at Olympia from now until October 24th. I really cannot picture to myself any dismal Jimmy going into the exhibition and coming out without having made up his mind to buy one or other of the new 1932 models which range in price from £89 to nearly £3,000.

The car exhibits in themselves are more than enough to attract a record crowd but the exhibition authorities are giving the public the opportunity of seeing under one roof the world's fastest aeroplane, motor car and motor boat. It is certainly a feather in the cap of British manufacturers that these three machines which are supreme in air, on land, and on water are all British made throughout. These three machines have together done more to raise British prestige abroad than could have been accomplished by millions of money spent in talk and advertising. They stand in Olympia to-day as a monument to the real value of speed in the world of industry. Other countries are now becoming so alarmed at our superiority in engineering design as applied to the internal combustion engine that they have ceased even to challenge us.

Visitors to Olympia can be classified under two headings—those that go just sight-seeing and those whose visit is undertaken with the intention of buying a car sometime or other. The first class are no concern of mine or of those connected with the motor trade. They wander round the stands aimlessly, picking up a catalogue here and there. They are not motorists and probably never will be, but their presence is tolerated although they add considerably to the congestion inside the building because there is always a forlorn hope that one day they may buy a motor vehicle of some description. The serious-minded individual who comes under my second heading may or may not go to Olympia with the intention of purchasing a car on the spot, but if he does not write out his cheque to-day the chances are that he will have his 1932 model before next summer comes round.

The man or woman who already possesses a car which gives satisfaction may not consider that a new car will be a paying proposition. Let me advise this individual to go carefully round the stands and I am sure that amazement will be the result. Go to the stand on which the new models of the present make of car are shown. The chances are that the purchase price has come down, and even if that is not the case in actual figures it is practically certain that many improvements and additions have been made, which, in actual fact, have the same effect as reducing the price.

Makers have been so keen in assisting economical motoring that the chances are that the new model of any particular car will cost less to run during the next twelve months than any of the older models. These considerations certainly make it worth while to sell the old car and buy a new one. Perhaps the present possessor of a car would prefer to buy something far cheaper to run than his present model. The motorist in that frame of mind is indeed a happy person so far as Olympia is concerned.

Manufacturers have tumbled over themselves in producing powerful motoring midgets. When "baby" cars were first produced they carried two full-sized adults and perhaps a child, but to-day the manufacturers of these cars offer to the public a vehicle which will not only carry four adults, but at the same time carry them in comfort, yet the engine in many cases is no more than 7- or 8-h.p. The only difficulty that motorists in this class will come up against is that of making a decision on the spot as to which make they will buy. They are confronted with a selection which is almost overpowering, and as no manufacturer to-day builds a bad motor car the ultimate choice must be a purely personal one based on appearance, equipment, and colour.

Another large division of motorists are those who have had one of these "baby" cars and who now feel that they would like to advance and buy something larger. Their number is, of course, swelled by those who wish to start their motoring career by purchasing a car with a smooth silky six-cylinder engine and carrying an extra-roomy, comfortable saloon body. Those actual or would-be motorists still wish to see a little change from their £200 cheque. A few years ago such a cheque would have been totally inadequate to buy a motor vehicle to satisfy their needs, but at Olympia to-day there is not only one but several cars of well-known makes from which they can choose, and the customer's bank balance will not be reduced by more than the sum stated.

These two classes of cars, the first of which includes the "baby," and the second of which can be referred to as the 12-h.p. six-cylinder class, are the two most popular at the Show this year. It must not be forgotten, of course, that firms which make larger cars and those who specialize on the ultra-luxurious have all without exception made their products more fascinating, more economical to run and more perfect than ever before. Anyone who has money to spend is always well advised to buy the best, for it after all is usually the most economical. In spite of depressions there are still thousands upon thousands of people who can afford to run what poorer folk might term luxurious cars. The choice at Olympia for them is even greater than before and as prices have been reduced the urge to buy should be more impelling.

Olympia visitors should tour round the galleries and inspect the hundreds of stands on which the latest in accessories and gadgets are displayed. Personally I find this part of the Show so intriguing that I always allocate at least one afternoon to a tour of these exhibits and nothing else.

"Garage equipment" are words which have a distinctly trady flavour and the section devoted to this might conceivably be passed by unnoticed by the private motorist. Unless time compels the visit to be cut short I would strongly advise everyone to investigate the exhibits in this section. There are not many garages in the kingdom where all the latest equipment for washing, repairing, and adjusting cars is installed. Ninety per cent. of private motorists have never seen the latest machines for testing the efficiency of a car's brakes in a second or two. The simple lifts to raise a car six feet in the air in a few seconds on pulling over a switch are surely a source of interest. Even a short visit to this section will show the visitor that there is much hard thinking and a great display of ingenuity taking place behind the scenes in this section of the motor trade.

Another section that is so well known that it has a continuous appeal is that devoted to coach-building. Some hardy annuals in the shape of visitors always assert that the coach-building section is the one part of the exhibition they would never miss. It is certainly well worth seeing, and this year it lives up to its reputation as there are many highly desirable specimens of bodywork on view. Several of the exhibitors are firms established long before the motor car was ever thought of, and their reputation spreads all over the world. Although they are steeped in the past their outlook is modern, and in their products combine the solidity and careful workmanship of the old coach-builders with the attractive and up-to-date outlines and colours of the modern craftsmen. In my humble opinion the Show is so comprehensive that it is a physical impossibility to do it justice by spending just a few hours amongst the exhibits. A whole day is the minimum time that should be devoted to an inspection, but if a day and a half or two days can be allocated the time of the enthusiastic motorist will not have been wasted.

1932 ■ The SHINING LIGHTS of the MOTOR SHOW ■ 1932

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands Motor Course)

In conformity with its annual practice, "The Sphere" presents upon this and the following pages a detailed review of the outstanding exhibits of the Motor Show. The cars selected for discussion range from the great luxury vehicles to the small and inexpensive cars for the owner-driver; each type of vehicle, however, can be relied on as being supreme in its class

ROLLS-ROYCE.—At a time when the majority of manufacturers have taken every possible step to improve their cars and to detail every department in which their latest productions differ from those that have gone before, the announcement from the Rolls-Royce Company to the effect that there are no changes of any importance in the 20–25-h.p. models strikes a rather unusual note. This is perhaps the highest tribute to the existing excellence of a wonderful car. For it to have been developed already to a state of perfection which cannot readily be bettered is not surprising, and even in the case of the 40–50-h.p. Phantom II, the modifications in detailed design do not give us a materially changed car.

The Phantom II is slightly wider at the rear with the object of permitting greater interior width for passengers in the rear compartments of the cars. Chassis lubrication system from a central location has been extended to embrace one or two points which were formerly hand fed. Improved cooling properties are a feature of the radiator, which however still retains the familiar and imposing severity which is respected all the world over. These and one or two other really minor alterations are the only differences in the design of the cars, the really important changes for 1932 being found in a substantial reduction in prices. The chassis of the Phantom II (short model) is reduced from £1,850 to £1,750, a drop of similar proportions being made in the long chassis. The 20–25-h.p. chassis shows a saving of £135 in the price required for its purchase, the new figure being £1,050.

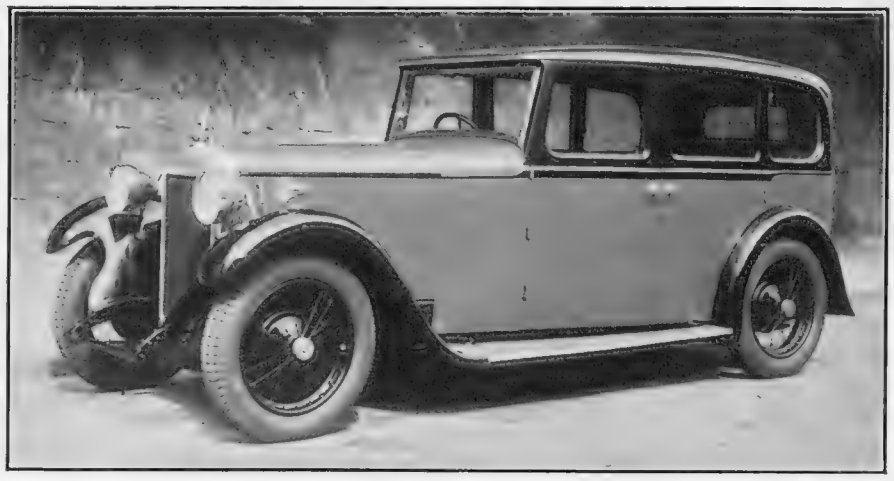
These are high prices for a motor-car chassis to which some hundreds of pounds must be added for a body which will be in keeping. Nevertheless, no one has ever suggested that Rolls-Royce cars are expensive. The man who cannot afford one merely looks on and envies those who can afford really sumptuous motoring.

Rolls-Royce cars will, of course, be found on several of the stands in the Coach building Section, but the main exhibit on the company's stand, No. 132, comprises two of the larger models and two examples of the smaller 20–25-h.p. cars. The Continental touring saloon is a most interesting vehicle. This is mounted on a standard short wheel base Phantom II chassis, and has been designed with a view to service overseas. The second car has a Pullman body of great luxury, quietly finished in dark blue and black with a white line relief. The rear compartment is upholstered in fawn cloth, the driving seat having a leather covering.

Both 20–25-h.p. models carry closed bodies, one a limousine and the other a saloon. No visitor to Olympia regards his task completed until he has stood for a while admiring the quiet dignity of these sovereigns of the highway, and the British subject can justly feel proud of the productions of a home firm which has done so much to enhance the reputation of Great Britain on the road and in the recent speed records on water and in the air.

DAIMLER.—The Daimler Company is retaining its six types for the coming season, that is, three examples of the Double Six rated as 40–50-h.p., 30–40-h.p., and 30-h.p., and the three 6-cylinder models known respectively as the 35-, 20–25-h.p., and lastly the 16–20-h.p. While no new model is announced, it is important to note that the entire range of Daimler cars for 1932 now has the famous fluid flywheel transmission. Briefly described, the Daimler fluid flywheel is a hydro-dynamic device of unique simplicity which replaces the orthodox type of clutch and has only two moving parts. The power of the engine is transmitted by interchanges of energy in a rapidly moving fluid and the entire system is automatic. A feature of this device is that the effect of a slipping clutch can be obtained up to 100 per cent. with the fluid flywheel without possibility of any damage resulting and yet, when the car is travelling under normal conditions, 98 per cent. of the energy is transmitted, or a greater proportion than is the case with other known transmission devices. In conjunction with a pre-selective fool-proof gear-box it is generally agreed that the Daimler system approaches closer to the perfect system than anything yet devised.

DAIMLER



The 16–20 saloon which will be the principal new model on the Daimler stand. It is fitted with a fluid flywheel and four-speed self-changing gear-box

DAIMLER

A 16–20-h.p. chassis is exhibited on the Daimler stand No. 82, and this will give the visitor an opportunity to study the external appearance and lay-out of the whole car and the transmission in particular. Another 16–20-h.p. chassis is shown with a saloon body by Mulliners, Limited, and the price is £550 complete. There are examples of each of the other 6-cylinder models on the stand and also two Double Sixes, a particularly graceful and capable product being the big 40–50-h.p. enclosed limousine with a Hooper body seating seven people, and selling at £1,250 with every conceivable fitment which modern motor-engineering has made possible.

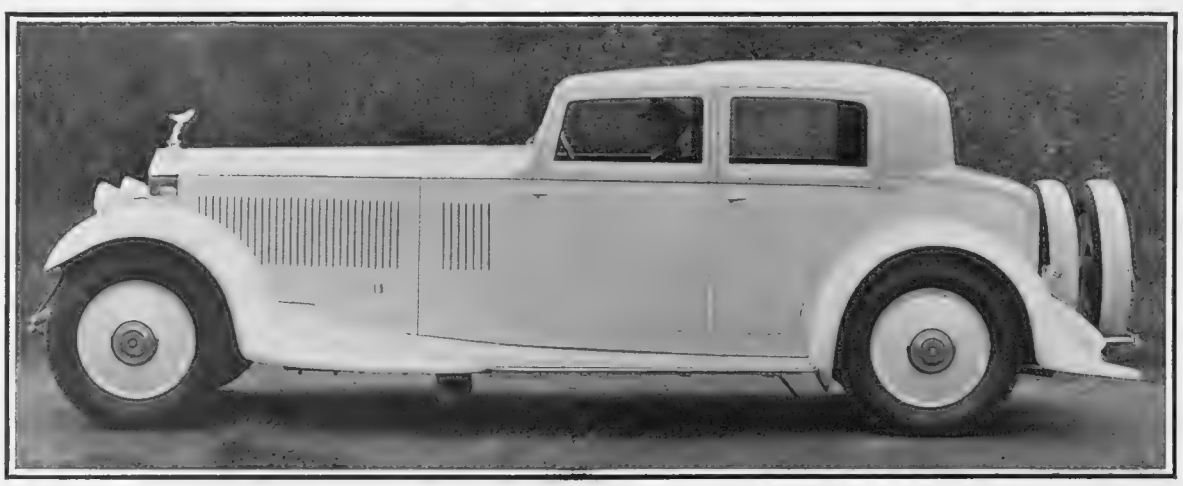
LANCHESTER.— One of the most important and striking innovations for 1932 was the announcement recently of the new 15–18-h.p. Lanchester, an elegant 6-cylinder car with a famous name and bristling with the latest principles of motor engineering. The Lanchester Motor Company was absorbed by the Daimler Company earlier in 1931 and this new product is the first Lanchester that has been produced since the change of manufacturing arrangements. Consequently the car possesses many features which are essentially connected with both Lanchester and Daimler practice, the underslung worm-drive back axle emanating from the former, and the patent fluid fly-wheel being essentially a modern Daimler fitting. The principle of the latter's operation is dealt with under the Daimler exhibits, and it is sufficient here to mention that this method of transmitting engine power to the gearing mechanism is universally regarded as one of the most remarkable inventions in motor engineering for the past thirty years.

The new Lanchester sells as a saloon with a great degree of refinement and luxury for £565, a price hitherto unknown in Lanchester products and one which makes the car worth very close inspection. A Lanchester is now within the reach of many thousands of motorists who could not afford one of the earlier models, and there is no doubt that there will be a big list of orders before the end of the exhibition.

As the exhibit on Stand No. 112 includes a chassis no useful purpose is served in outlining the specification here, but it should be noted that the engine has a 7-bearing crankshaft and is rated at 17·96-h.p. Coil ignition with automatic control is provided, and four-wheel brakes are of hydraulic pattern assisted in action by a vacuum-servo motor. There are three finished cars on view, all with closed bodies, and in each one of them there is ample evidence of the manufacturer's successful aims to provide magnificent modern carriages at a moderate price.

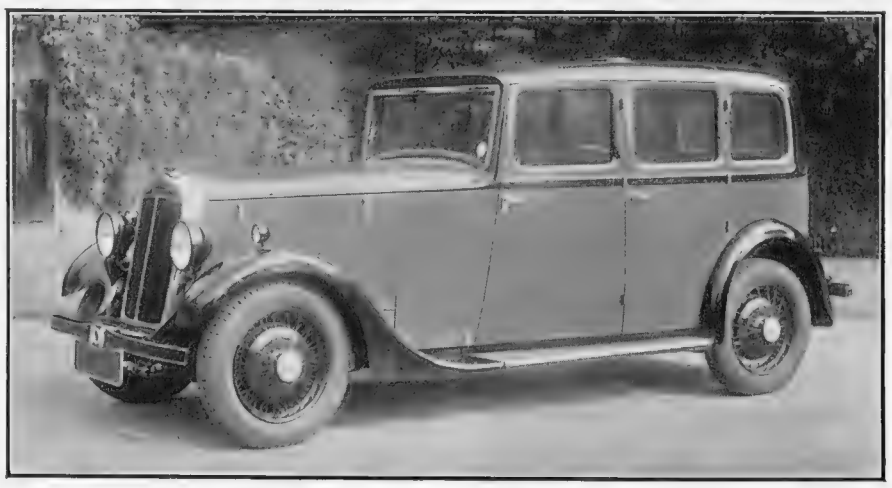
Note also that there is an example of the Straight Eight Lanchester with a Windover body, this car following closely to the design of the large Lanchesters of last year.

ROLLS-ROYCE



An imposing example of coachwork by Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., mounted on a 40–50 h.p. Phantom II Continental type chassis which is on exhibition in the coach-building section. The body is finished in cream with light green mouldings and roof

LANCHESTER



Among the new-comers is this 15–18-h.p. saloon in which is incorporated the Daimler fluid fly-wheel and four-speed self-changing gear-box which retails at the remarkably inexpensive figure of £565

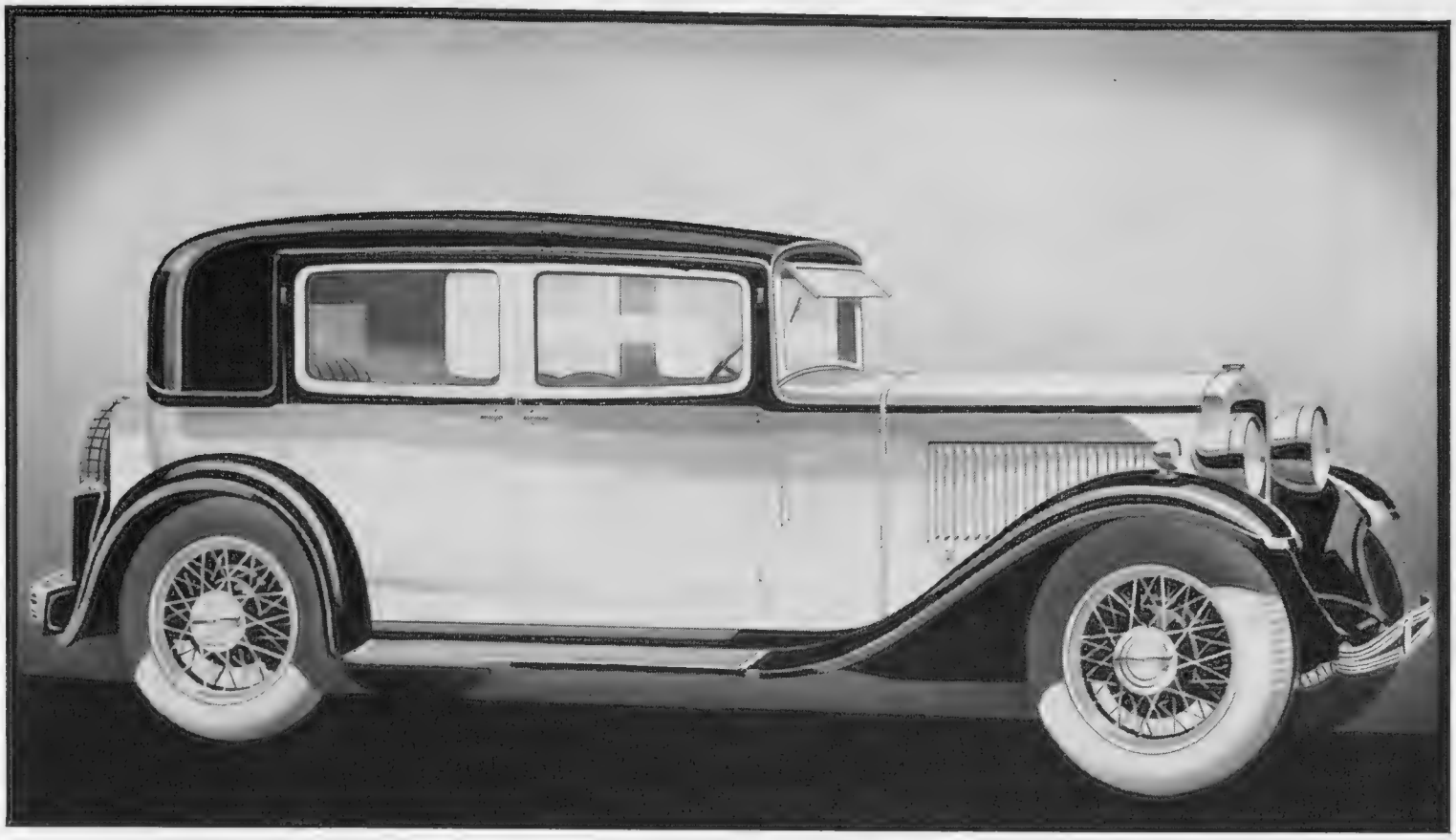
LANCHESTER

SUNBEAM.— Although the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd., of Wolverhampton are retaining three models for 1932, only the 16-h.p. and the 20-h.p. models are being shown at Olympia, the largest, the 25-h.p. car being crowded out in favour of the four examples of the firm's products which have so many true friends among motorists all over the world. Minor improvements to an already excellent chassis summarize

(Continued on p. 120)

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N

OLYMPIA *Stand* 113



All that a modern de-luxe car should be . .

THE SIXTEEN WESTMINSTER SALOON

You need not be torn between the rival claims of many cars—between elegance and distinction, comfort and refinement of finish, soundness of design or impressiveness of performance. See the new Sixteen Westminster Saloon on the Austin Stand! For all these qualities are embodied in this new de luxe model. Fashioned in to-morrow's style, this car would arrest the eye among any throng of modern cars. It is beautifully modelled. From front bumper to the commodious built-in locker at the rear, quality of build combined with smartness are apparent. Real leather upholstery, folding foot-rests and a centre arm-rest, folding tea-tables and a sliding roof prove what pronounced luxury can be obtained in a car of moderate price . . . when Austin builds it. The De Luxe Burnham Saloons, with or without drop-head, are equally luxurious, equally soundly built . . . all outstandingly dependable. See them on Stand No. 113.

£350

The Sixteen Range also includes

Burnham De Luxe Saloon {six light} £325. Burnham Drop-head Saloon £325. New Windsor Saloon £298. Open Road Tourer £290. Harrow Two-Seater £290.

(PRICES AT WORKS)

Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass throughout and chromium finish standard.

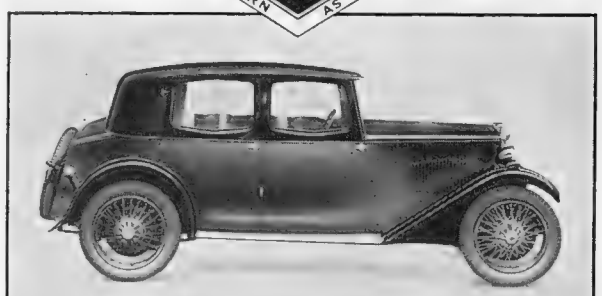
READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. every month.

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

See the Car of Economy

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR



The "Plus-Ultra" Monaco, £298
(Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass Standard)

Next year will be a year of Economy—**it's got to be!**
Not a year of "No spending" but a year of wise spending!

"No spending" would prove as fatal as unrestrained extravagance — wise spending, individually and Nationally, will prove to be our Country's and our own salvation.

"Wise spending" in Motoring means essentially the purchase of a car which in operating for your convenience and pleasure will perform its task on a minimum outlay —

SUCH IS THE RILEY!

Its Tax, Insurance, Petrol and oil consumption are low!

It gives a length of service unequalled in the Motor World to-day.

Its reliability ensures such freedom from trouble that the average cost of running it over an average mileage of 10,000 miles is a little under 2d. per mile!

By acquiring it you will ensure a standard of safety which no car lacking an experience of strenuous tests on road or track such as the Riley has, can possibly offer you—that means safety in emergency and an insurance against the costly trouble which so frequently follows inability in this direction.

And finally, its slow depreciation and the policy behind the car ensure for you a constantly recurring opportunity of commanding "top price" on a re-sale.

And with all this you will possess a car of unequalled individuality and performance — a car that will promote in fullest measure that pride of possession which is more than half the joy of Motoring — a car that it is "such fun to drive!"

That, in a word, is why you must not fail to call at "the Blue Spot at Olympia," or if not there to write us for literature or to arrange a demonstration.

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED, COVENTRY
AND 42 NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

"Blue Spot" at Olympia
STAND 106

SUNBEAM

The 16-h.p 6-cylinder Sunbeam with five-seater coachbuilt saloon body, finished in two-tone grey. The specification includes thermostatically controlled radiator shutters and Lockheed hydraulic brakes

SHINING LIGHTS
1932 of the 1932
MOTOR SHOW

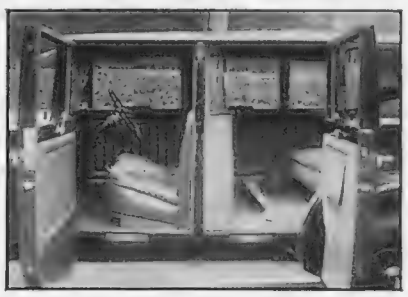
By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from p. 118)

the manufacturers' plans for the immediate future, although it should be noted that the four-speed gear-boxes now have silent third ratios, and that hydraulic braking has been adopted.

A four-seater folding head coupé is a new type of coach-work, and one of this type on the 16-h.p. chassis is on the Sunbeam Stand No. 81 in the Main Hall. This car, finished in purple and black with a gold line relief, and with fawn hide upholstery costs £695. The extent to which the interior comfort has been studied is worthy of special note, and with a fine chassis of Sunbeam manufacture taken for granted, the visitor might well be forgiven for visualizing himself or herself and party speeding silently and lazily to the land of sunshine, where no worry is fleet enough to follow.

There is another 16-h.p. car at Olympia with a saloon body in platinum grey and black, and the price is again £695. The remainder of the space is devoted to two particularly fine 20-h.p. cars at prices of £795 and £895 respectively.



The interior of the Sunbeam coachbuilt limousine mounted on the 20-h.p. long wheel-base chassis

ALVIS.—The Alvis Car and Engineering Company of Coventry has refrained from making any material change in its programmes of the 1931 and 1932 seasons, believing that no useful purpose is served by departing from their existing and well-tried models, or from a programme which, during 1931, has brought them an increase in sales of 34 per cent. over the previous year. A larger edition of the Silver Eagle was introduced a few months ago, and an example of this comparatively new 20-h.p. 6-cylinder model is on view on Stand No. 136. Fitted with a Mayfair limousine body, finished in dark green, its appearance is suggestive of the fine performance which has made Alvis products the delight of the connoisseur for many years.

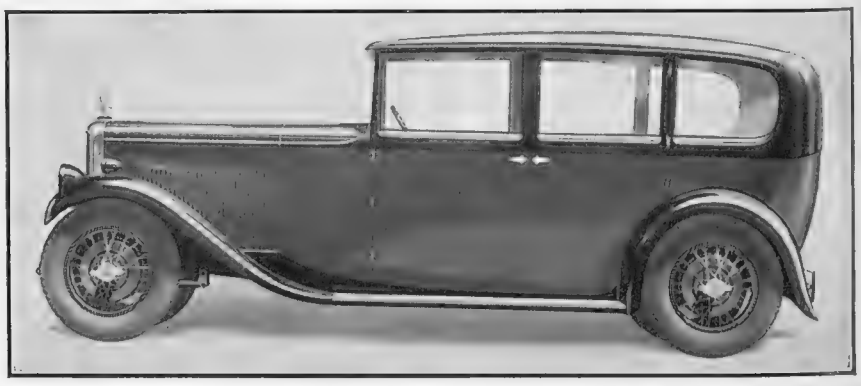
The chassis of this car closely follows the main features of the 16–95-h.p. 6-cylinder model except in that the bore of the engine is greater, and the horse-power rating increased from 17-h.p. to 20-h.p. The track and wheel-base are larger in the case of the 20-h.p. car, and slightly larger tyres are fitted. The chassis price is £550, and the complete car, as exhibited, costs £795. It should be noted that the two 6-cylinder cars now have silent third gear-boxes.

The Silver Eagle is represented on the stand by two cars, one a four-door Atlantic saloon painted green, and with hide upholstery to match, and the other a 6-light coachbuilt saloon finished in blue and black, and upholstered in brown furniture hide. Both cars are priced at £695.

For the sportsman who cannot afford the money necessary for the refined 6-cylinder cars, the Alvis Company is continuing its revival of that old and trusted friend, the 12-50-h.p. 4-cylinder model. Two 12–50-h.p. closed cars are exhibited, one a saloon and the other with a very attractive drophead coupé with a fawn exterior and bright red leather inside. In slightly modified form there is the 12–60-h.p., a sporting edition of the 4-cylinder type. As an apple-green two-seater sports, this car is very fascinating. It will be seen that cycle-type wings, a stone guard for the radiator, and "dog-eared" hub caps are improvements from last year. The other model is a very smart four-door sports saloon.

(Continued on p. 122)

ALVIS—"SILVER EAGLE"



A new Alvis model which makes its first public appearance at Olympia. This 20-h.p. "Silver Eagle" is fitted with a Mayfair limousine body

At Olympia—the New 15/18

Lanchester

incorporating the wonderful

Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission

Patent No. 353,334

Saloons
from
£565

This is a truly remarkable car, upholding in full the Lanchester traditions of quality, superlative workmanship and reliability; yet offered at a price that is within the reach of many who have hitherto been unable to experience the delights of real luxury motoring. It is the first car of medium size and price to be fitted with the wonderful Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission—a revolutionary improvement which provides a degree of silence, smoothness and ease of control infinitely greater than in any other car, and secures far greater safety for passengers and public. It is also characterised by an extremely fine performance—in acceleration and speed it surpasses many cars of considerably higher power and greater cost.

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LANCHESTER
MOTOR CO. LTD.
COVENTRY

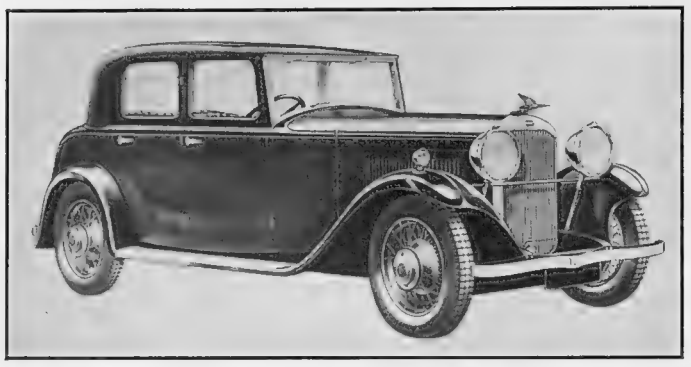
L.F.F. 100

SHINING LIGHTS of the 1932 1932 MOTOR SHOW

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from p. 120)

HUMBER "SNIPE"



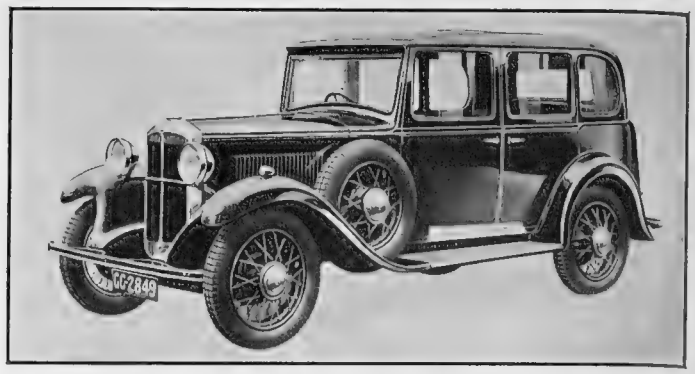
Four "Snipe" models are on view on the Humber Stand. The above is a four-door sports saloon finished in Humber blue with black wings and light blue wheels

HUMBER.—The Humber Snipe, Pullman, and 16–50-h.p. models are retained for the coming season and no new model has been introduced. Since the coming of these 6-cylinder cars some two years ago, every opportunity has been taken to effect improvements and there is no doubt that they have to-day achieved a genuinely high standard of excellence.

The Pullman and Snipe models have similar engines and almost identical specifications. The former has a longer wheel-base, and is designed to accommodate roomy multi-seater coachwork, as evidenced by the landaulette and the limousine which are on the Humber Stand No. 86. These cars both sell at £735. With a similar design of chassis but with a slightly shorter wheel-base, different gear ratios add one or two other variations; the Snipe range has proved exceedingly popular. With a four-speed gear-box, a silent third ratio, a particularly pleasant gear change, a smooth engine with a seven-bearing crankshaft and with powers of acceleration and speed which are definitely of the sporting category, but refined for all that, they approach very close to the ideal of many motorists. Four Snipe models are on view, and refinement is the very apparent keynote of their construction.

There are also two 16–50-h.p. cars, very similar in design to the other Humbers, but with 2½-litre engines rated at 15·7-h.p.

HILLMAN "WIZARD"

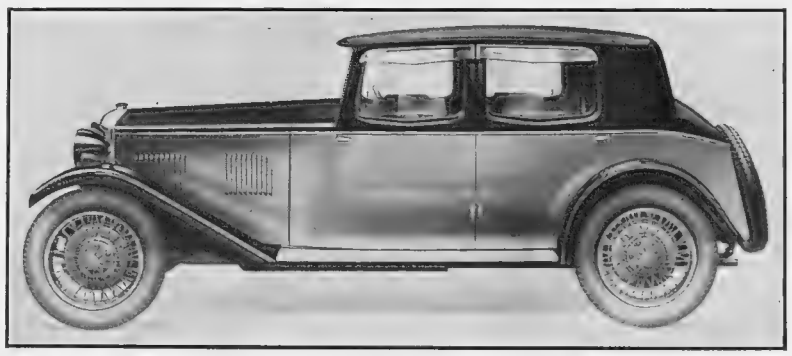


The Hillman "Wizard," which underwent very gruelling tests on its inception, is now available in a varied choice of colour schemes. Wire wheels are a standard fitting to the saloon de luxe shown above

HILLMAN.—Three Hillman types are available for 1932. The Wizard, which has achieved a remarkable measure of popularity since its introduction last Spring, is represented on Stand No. 109 by four cars, each carrying different types of bodywork. Next comes the Vortic model, an 8-cylinder car introduced some time ago, but now modified from the original in several minor though important respects.

Lastly, it is pleasant to find that no fewer than three examples of the very new model, the Minx, are available for detailed inspection. This little car made its début at the Paris Salon. It combines an advanced and comprehensive specification with a very attractive price. The 4-cylinder engine is rated at 9·8-h.p.

RILEY—"ALPINE"



The Riley "Alpine" saloon in its new "Plus-ultra" form, finished in ivory with black mouldings wings and roof. The novel shape of the windows lends a pleasing effect to this already popular car

RILEY.—Riley prices for 1932 remain exactly the same as those ruling for the past season, but many substantial changes have been made in all models. As in the past the cars are made in two distinct types: these being the Nine 4-cylinder range and the Riley Six, the R.A.C. rating of which is 13·5-h.p. It is interesting to note that the Riley Plus models, which title was given to the 1931 cars, had the lowest frames of any standard production models, and now with the adoption of the Plus Ultra series the side members have been lowered by nearly six inches, a considerable drop when the pre-existing low centre of gravity is remembered. As a result the road-holding capabilities are even better than before, and there is considerably more head-room available within the cars, particularly in the rear compartments.

There are nine Riley models on Stand No. 106 in the Main Hall, three of them being 6-cylinder models.

(Continued on p. 124)

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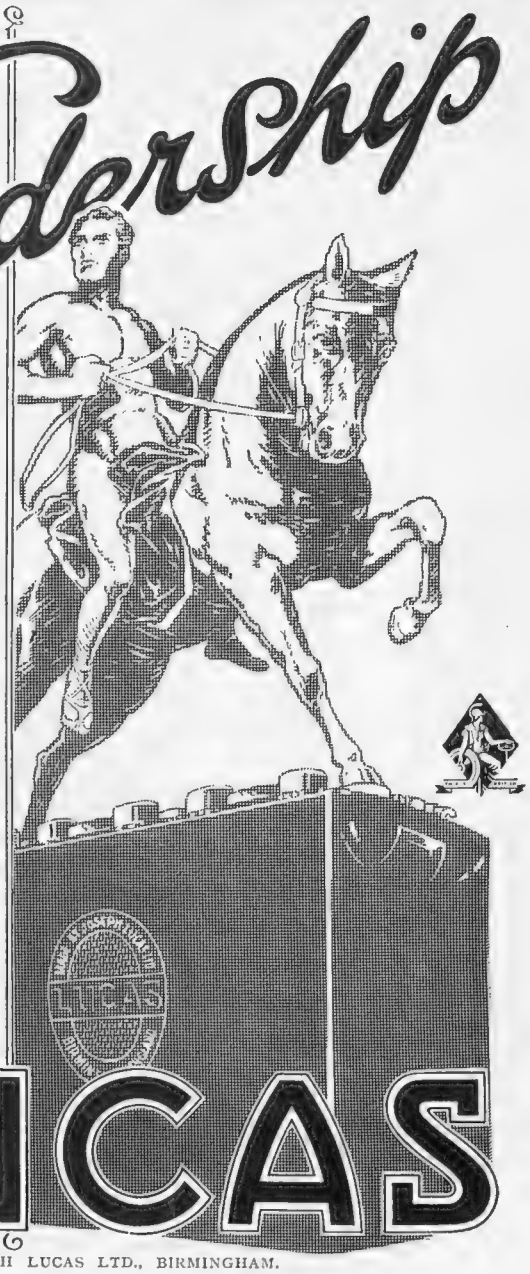
Leadership

AN INVITATION

We cordially invite you to inspect Lucas Lighting and Starting Sets, Magnetos, Coil Ignition, Batteries, Lamps (including High-Power Projectors and Bi-Flex Long-Range Projectors), "Dip and Switch" Reflectors, Lucas-Graves Bulb Anti-Dazzle system, Luvax Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, Luvax-Bijur Central Chassis Lubrication, "King of the Road" Horns, Mirrors, Windscreen Wipers, "Blue Star" Bulbs, and other Lucas "Motoralities."

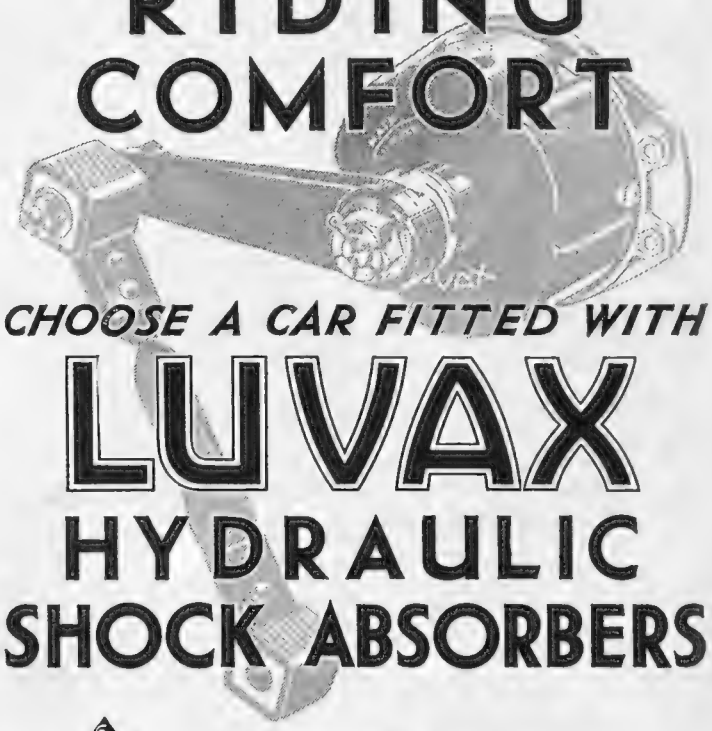
See them on STANDS 404 & 405



LUCAS

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

FOR SUPREME RIDING COMFORT



CHOOSE A CAR FITTED WITH

LUVAX HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS

IMPORTANT

It is essential to use OFFICIAL LUVAX Hydraulic Shock Absorber OIL to ensure maximum efficiency.

—They make the bad roads good roads and the good roads better!

OLYMPIA: DEMONSTRATED ON STAND 405

and fitted on most of the leading cars.

SUPPLIED & SERVICED BY LUCAS-C.A.V.-ROTAX

REGARDED FROM ANY ANGLE
THE NEW FORD
IS A HUNDRED-PER-CENT. PROPOSITION

The New FORD "De Luxe" Fordor Saloon, £225 at Works (14.9 h.p. engine, £5 extra)

Look at the "lines." Test the comfort of the bodywork. Sample the lightness, yet truth of the steering. Experience the restfulness and road-worthiness of the suspension, at any speed, over any surface. Investigate the noiselessness of the all-steel, one-piece body-construction. Examine, most searchingly, the power developed by the engine, at anything above idling speed. Then satisfy yourself of the real security afforded by those brakes.

Ask an experienced FORD Owner to tell you about running-costs. Take his opinion of FORD Facilities, the ubiquitous, unique service organisation, with a definite, fixed, low charge for every operation, every replacement.

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THEN SUM-UP . .

Consider whether or not any other car can approach the New FORD in value for money, in direct, forcible appeal to the buyer who does *not* buy a car to run it for twelve months and scrap it.

In the long run, for year-after-year service, there is nothing to compare with the New FORD.

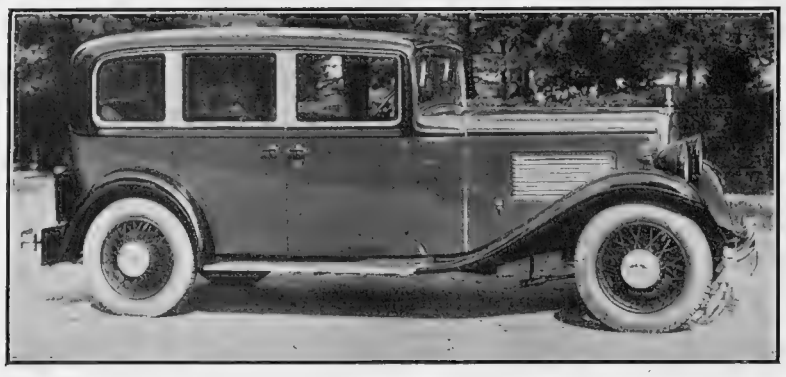
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • 88 REGENT STREET • LONDON, W.1

SHINING LIGHTS of the 1932 1932 MOTOR SHOW

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from p. 122)

AUSTIN—"WHITEHALL"

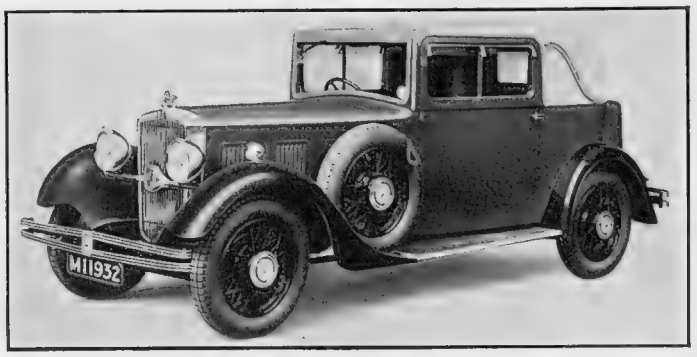


The 1932 Saloon de Luxe with sunshine roof is mounted on a shorter chassis, an innovation resulting in a far better general performance. Aluminium has been brought into use for the body panels

AUSTIN.—Most visitors to Olympia will be unable to look at the attractive Austin display on Stand No. 113 without recalling in their minds that this huge British concern, in a time of acute and almost devastating trade depression were able to pay a dividend of 100 per cent. and that their trading year was one of the best on record. The reason for this lies in the sound policy which has enabled them to evolve new models when a long-sighted board of directors saw the need for them and to place on the market cars in which the motorist places implicit faith. I think it can truthfully be said that no manufacturer has been able to eradicate "teething" troubles from his new cars with greater precision than the Austin house. Each new model has immediately been welcomed and has justified the confidence which has been placed in it.

For 1932 no radical changes have been made in design, but there have been useful and in some cases big reductions in prices of existing types. Equipment has been improved and the range of cars to-day presents an almost unbeatable value for money expended. From the little friend of all the motoring world—the Austin Seven saloon, at its new low figure of £118, to the magnificent 20-h.p. 6-cylinder limousine at £575, Austin products all command that respect and admiration which well-built British motor-cars at low prices so richly deserve.

MORRIS—"ISIS"



All "Isis" models now have a longer chassis permitting of still more spacious body-work. This sports coupé has Celstra leather upholstery and a Pytchley sliding roof

MORRIS.—The Morris range of cars on Stand No. 111 has been effectively improved almost out of all recognition, and each and every car, whether it be the little side-valve two seater at £100 complete or the Morris Isis, a 6-cylinder luxury vehicle costing only £350, to mention the extremes of the wide range, the range is remarkable in the value that it offers and the handsome appearance which the cars now present. New refinements for 1932 include rear petrol tanks, newly designed radiators which are undoubtedly an improvement, Pytchley sliding roofs, and better coachwork.

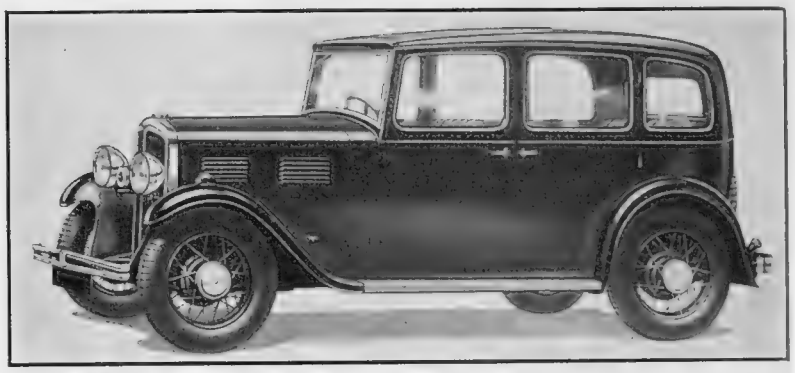
STANDARD.—It is perhaps not unfair to say that the Standard Motor Company has staged what is popularly known as a "come back." Their products of the past three years have placed them back at the head of affairs with a reputation for producing, once again, cars which appeal to a wide market both at home and abroad, cars which are economical to buy and to maintain.

Recent happenings at Canley, near Coventry have given us a new model in the form of a Little Nine, and many improvements to the established ordinary 9-h.p. model which is now styled the Big Nine to differentiate between the two 4-cylinder cars. A chassis of the newcomer lays bare to view the many excellent details of this British product which costs only £116, or £155 as a complete saloon car. Three closed models are exhibited, a coachbuilt and also a special coachbuilt saloon and the coupé. As this is the first time the latter has been made public, it deserves special attention.

With a total of eleven cars on view on Stand No. 85, it is almost impossible to single out any one more than another for review in these columns, and although the Nines will be the most popular models, the 6-cylinder 16-h p and 20-h.p. cars should not be passed over too quickly because they are real up-to-date productions, bringing 6-cylinder luxury motoring within feasible grasp of purchasers with moderate means.

(Continued on p. 126)

STANDARD—"LITTLE NINE"



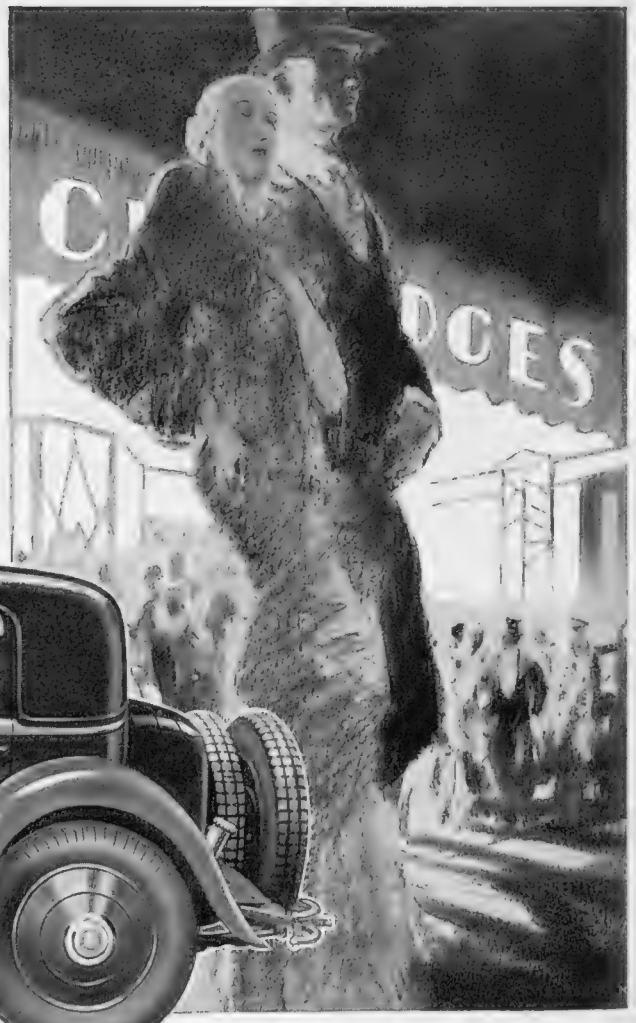
Roominess is the chief feature of this new model which is fitted with a three-speed gear-box. The Standard Motor Company has no fewer than eleven cars on view

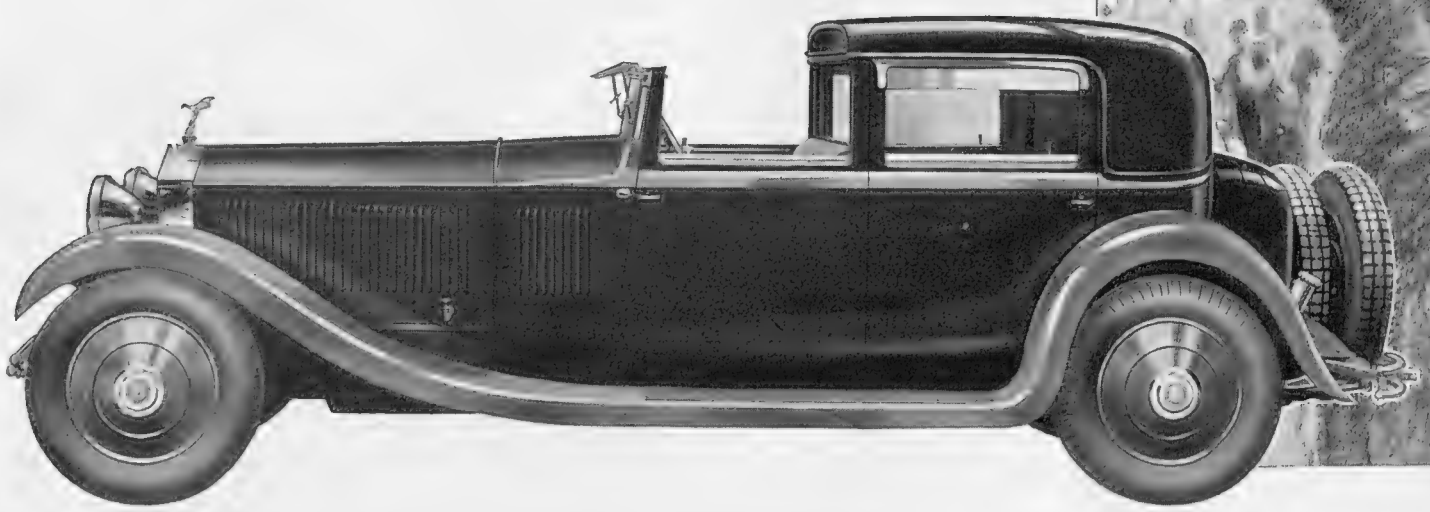
OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW
Stand 142
Also exhibiting on
Rolls-Royce Stand 132
Daimler Stand 82

By Appointment *By Appointment*

A BARKER ROLLS-ROYCE

Acknowledged
THE WORLD'S BEST CAR





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The latest Barker Sedanca de Ville on a 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Chassis.

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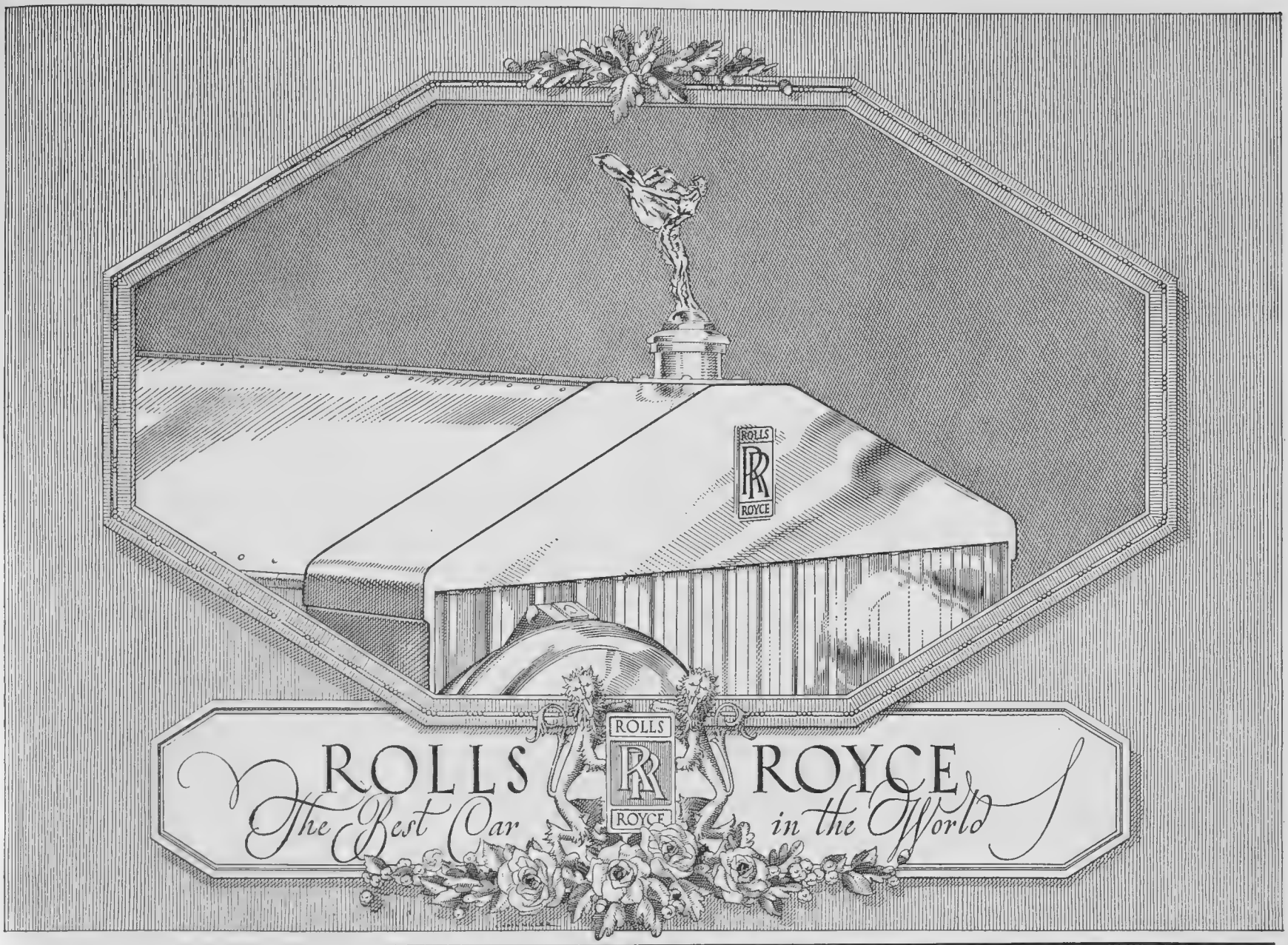

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Quality Mated

There is almost magic in the name "Rolls-Royce"—as there is almost magic in the car. For there is built into every Rolls-Royce quality which the whole world has tried in vain to equal.

What oil shall serve "The Best Car in the World"? Rolls-Royce Ltd. choose Castrol—and who, on such a subject, is better able to judge?

Yet Castrol costs no more than lesser oils. Therefore, let it preserve your car, for to you, yours is "the most important car in the world."

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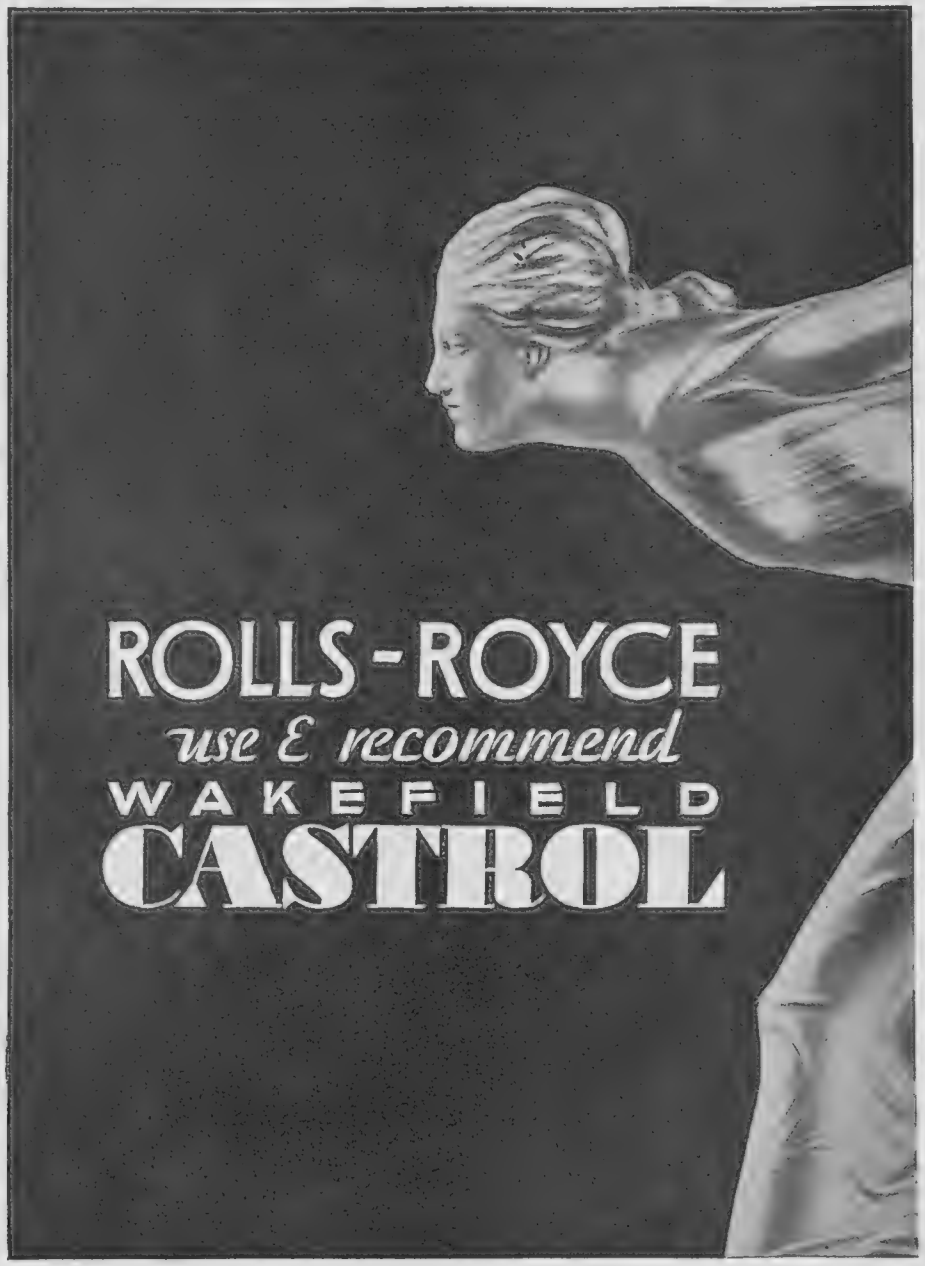
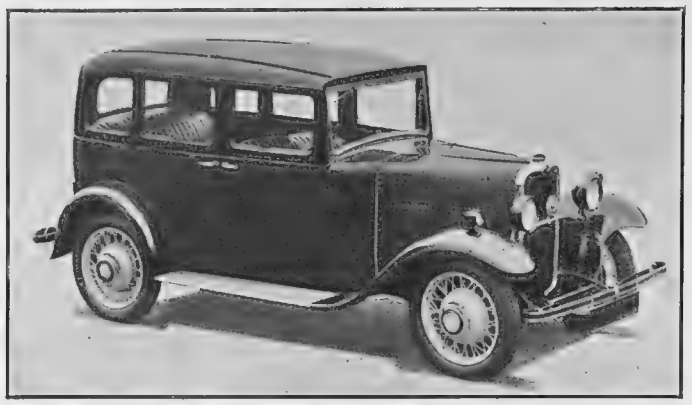


SHINING LIGHTS of the 1932 1932 MOTOR SHOW

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from p. 124*)

SINGER "12–6"

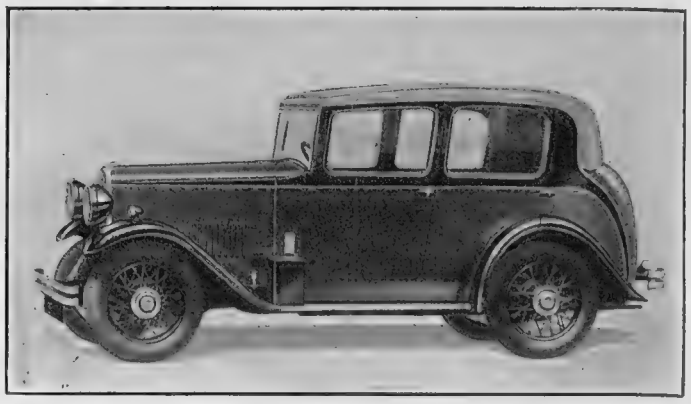


The Singer "Twelve-Six" with sliding roof. All the Singer models are equipped with silent third gear - boxes and rear petrol-tanks

SINGER.—The entire range of Singers for 1932 offers rear-positioned petrol tank, silent third gear-boxes, and many other improvements, no matter whether one is considering the little Junior model at £150 or the Kaye Don special at £480. The variety of the 6-cylinder cars has been extended and the 4-cylinder productions have been greatly improved. At £235 the 12-h.p. Six is perhaps one of the most interesting cars, appealing as it does to the man who can afford to-day to buy a great deal of luxury at a price required for a very mediocre motor vehicle only a very short while ago. This particular Singer has a side-by-side valve engine rated at 12 · 95-h.p., and taxed at £13. A coachbuilt saloon body provides six windows and real leather upholstery is used.

The 18-h.p. Six, a larger-engined car has Vacuum servo-brakes and a sliding roof to the saloon.

TRIUMPH "SCORPION"



A 11.85 h.p. 6-cylinder Triumph "Scorpion" Saloon de Luxe. Fitted with a four speed gear-box. Fittings include spring, gaiters and bumpers

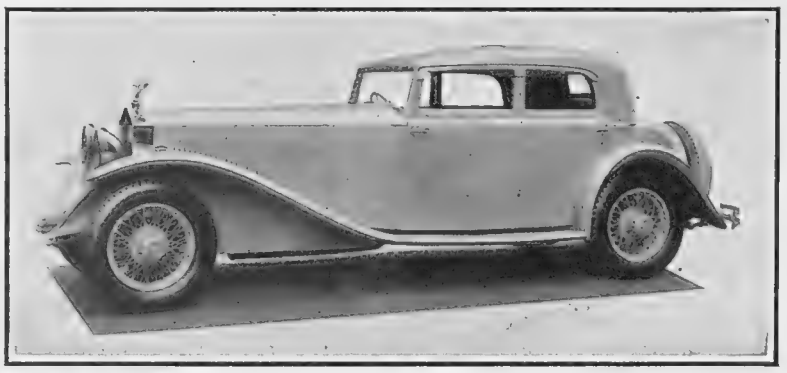
TRIUMPH.—It was last year that the Triumph Company departed from their "one model" policy and introduced the "Scorpion" Six as a companion to the well-known Super Seven. For 1932 the company has sprung another pleasant surprise, or, in fact, two surprises, one in the form of the new Super Nine, a four cylinder with overhead valves as compared with side by side valves which have always been retained in the smaller 7-h.p. cars, and, secondly, the introduction of a pillarless four door saloon on the Super Seven chassis. One of the difficulties of providing four doors on a small car is the limitations in their width which the wheelbase imposes. By dispensing with the centre support, the Triumph Seven, when both doors are opened, presents a wide means of access to the front or the rear compartments of the car.

COACHBUILDING SECTION

BARKERS

Three cars are shown on the Barker Stand in the coach-building section. Two of these are Rolls-Royces and the third a Daimler. The first is a 40–50-h.p. Continental type Rolls-Royce chassis fitted with an extremely attractive sports saloon body. The second exhibit is a Barker Sedanca Deville body on a 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. The equipment of this exhibit is particularly luxurious and pleasing. The third is a 30–40-h.p. Daimler chassis on which has been fitted a roomy enclosed limousine. Like the other two cars the colour scheme is ivory and black.

ROLLS-ROYCE



BARKER BODY

A Barker Saloon Limousine with sunshine roof mounted on a 40–50-h.p. six-cylinder Phantom II Rolls-Royce chassis

BIG REDUCTIONS IN NEW TYRES

45 % less than other makes.

TYRES DISPATCHED CARRIAGE PAID.

Extract from THE EVENING STANDARD, Monday, July 27th, 1931.

"WATCH YOUR WORN TYRES."

"Motorists are warned that if their tyres are thin they should renew them at once, and save a fine which may amount to £10 for a first offence.
"Among the many regulations under the Road Traffic Act is one which enables a policeman to summon a motorist for driving a car with worn or smooth tread tyres.
"An official of the R.A.C. said to-day: 'Recent cases of car owners being fined under the new regulation for driving on worn tyres show that the motoring public are not generally aware of the regulation.'"

SPECIMEN PRICES OF BAL-LON-ETTE TYRES.

Size	£ s. d.	Size	£ s. d.	Size	£ s. d
26×3.50	1 0 6	31 4.95	1 17 0	700×80/85	1 0 0
27×4.00	1 3 0	28×5.25	1 7 9	710×90	1 3 6
27×4.40	1 8 6	29×5.25	1 17 0	760×90	1 5 0
29×4.50	1 10 6	30×5.25	1 19 6	810×90	1 7 8
28×4.40	1 10 6	31×5.25	2 0 9	765×105	1 11 10
30×4.50	1 11 6	32×5.25	2 2 3	815×105	1 14 6
29×4.40	1 11 6	29 5.50	2 0 9	26×3½	1 4 6
31×4.40	1 12 0	30 5.50	2 3 0	31×4	1 14 6
28×4.75	1 8 0	30×6.00	2 7 9	32×4½	1 14 6
29×4.75	1 14 0	31×6.00	2 9 6	33×4½	2 10 6
30×4.75	1 16 0	32×6.00	2 9 6	30×5	3 2 8
29×5.00	1 12 6	30×5.77	2 5 0	33×5	3 10 0
28×4.95	1 11 6	33×6.00	2 10 0	11×45	1 4 0
30×5.00	1 16 3	33×5.77	2 11 3	12×45	1 8 0
29×4.95	1 15 0	32×6.50	3 0 6	13×45	1 12 9
31×5.00	1 18 0	32×6.20	2 13 0	14×45	1 14 6
30×4.95	1 15 9	32×6.75	2 15 3	14×50	1 17 0
32×5.00	2 0 6	33×6.75	3 2 3	15×50	2 13 0
				17 50	2 17 6

ALMAGAM TYRE REBUILDING

GUARANTEED 8,000 MILES.

100% SERVICE—AT LESS THAN 50 % COST.

Size.	Price. £ s. d.	Size.	Price. £ s. d.
26×3.50	0 16 8	29×3½	0 19 6
27×4.40	0 18 6	31×4	1 7 4
29×4.40	1 2 3	32×4½	2 1 8
30×4.50	1 6 4	30×5	2 13 8
28×4.75	1 1 0	33×5	3 1 0
29×4.75	1 6 4	4¾×20	1 11 0
30×4.75	1 6 10	4¾×21	1 6 10
28×4.95	1 4 0	5¼×21	1 17 0
29×4.95	1 7 9	6¾×23	3 7 6
30×4.95	1 7 9	700×80/85	0 16 8
31×4.95	1 8 8	710×90	0 18 6
29×5.00	1 5 6	760×90	1 0 0
30×5.00	1 9 3	765×105	1 6 10
31×5.00	1 11 0	815×105	1 9 2
32×5.00	1 13 4	820×120	1 15 2
28×5.25	1 7 9	820×135	2 3 6
29×5.25	1 10 6	835×135	2 11 10
30×5.25	1 12 6	895×135	2 14 0
31×5.25	1 13 9	715×115	0 18 6
32×5.25	1 15 3	730×130	1 4 0
29×5.50	1 13 9	775×145	1 12 5
GIANT TYRES.		**SAFETY TYRES.**	
32×6	3 14 0	11×45	0 19 0
34×7	4 5 6	12×45	1 2 8
36×6	4 10 8	14×50	1 12 0
34×7.30	4 12 6	15×50	2 0 9
		16×50	2 8 0

TESTIMONIAL

48,000 miles. Plymouth.

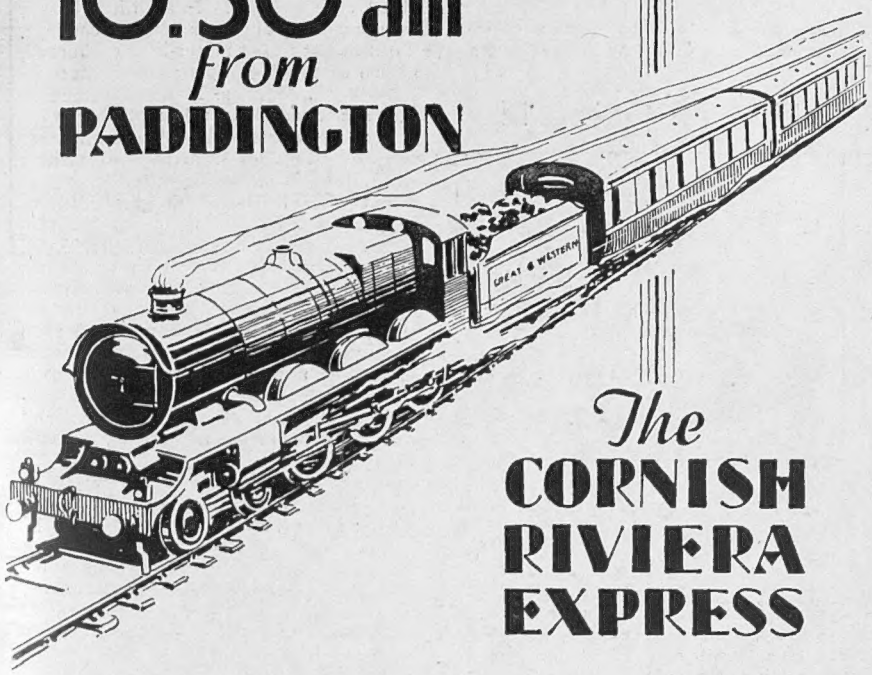
Dear Sirs,
Will you kindly quote me price of your "Bal-lon-ette" Tyres (covers only) for my Riley touring car. I had your tyres fitted at purchase in June, 1924, and since then have covered some **48,000 miles.**
Yours very sincerely (Signed) LESLIE F. TAYLOR.

Send any make of tyre for rebuilding to our Works, ALMAGAM MILLS, HARPENDEN, HERTS. *Telephone:* 86 Harpenden.
Or you may leave them at our Depots:

HEAD OFFICE: 172 GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON. *Telephone:* Museum 8130-1.
BAYSWATER DEPOT: 56 QUEEN'S ROAD, BAYSWATER. (Opp. the Amateur Dancers' Club.) *Telephone:* Park 4170.
100 VICTORIA STREET, BRISTOL. *Telephone:* Bristol 2536.
38 GREY ST., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. *Telephone.* Central 23966.

ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

CATCH THE 10.30 am *from* PADDINGTON



The CORNISH RIVIERA EXPRESS

Westward ho!

Speeding to Britain's Riviera through Smiling Somerset, Glorious Devon, and "The Delectable Duchy" by the World's most famous train!

The Cornish Riviera Express, now familiarly known as "The 10.30 Limited," is the very aristocrat of trains, embodying, as it does, all that is latest and best in rolling stock construction and appointments—including Vita glass windows, which admit the health-giving ultra-violet rays of the sun.

What can be more delightful than taking the perfectly served all-British luncheon in the spacious dining car as the train glides at high speed through Britain's glorious countryside? The ideal prelude to the perfect holiday.

The Great Western Railway also provides many other express trains to the West of England, from London and provincial centres, by which Special HOLIDAY RETURN TICKETS will be issued on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays up to December 20, representing a saving in fare of approximately 33⅓%, an unprecedented feature in rail travel. *These tickets are not available by the Cornish Riviera Express.*

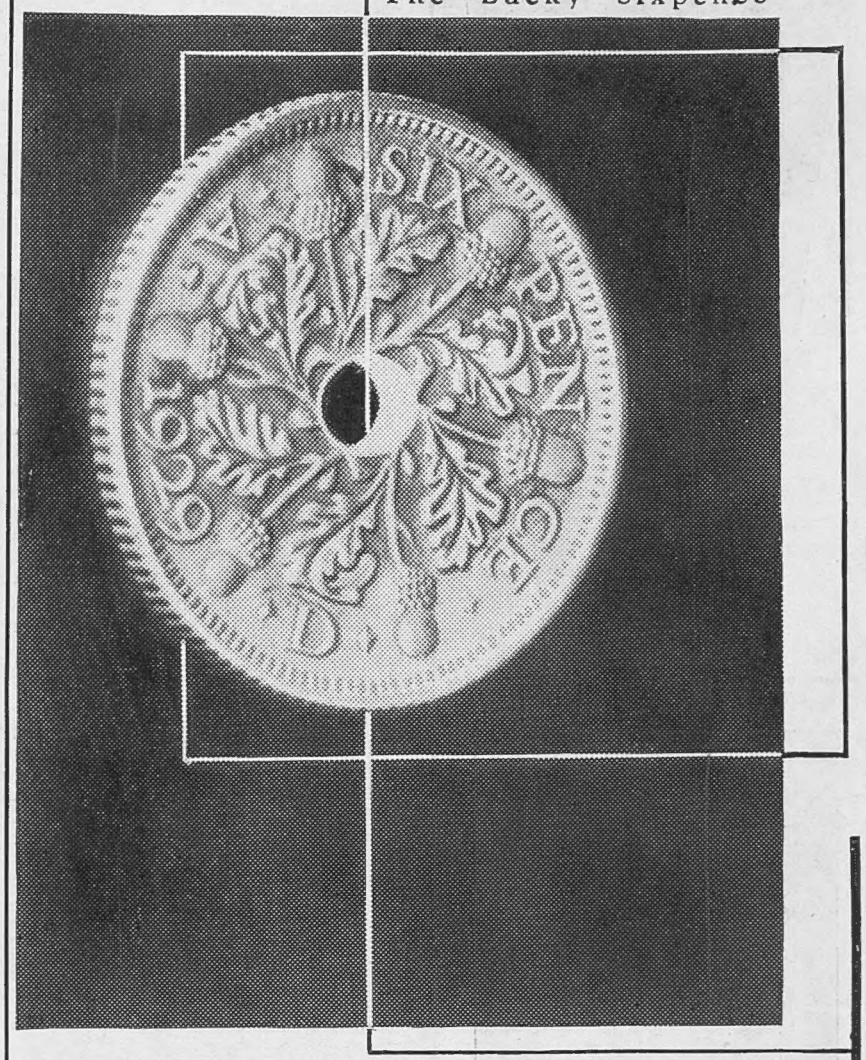
Further information gladly given at any G.W.R. Station, Office or Agency, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.

WEST IS BEST!

GWR

IT CAN'T BE LUCK

The Lucky Sixpence



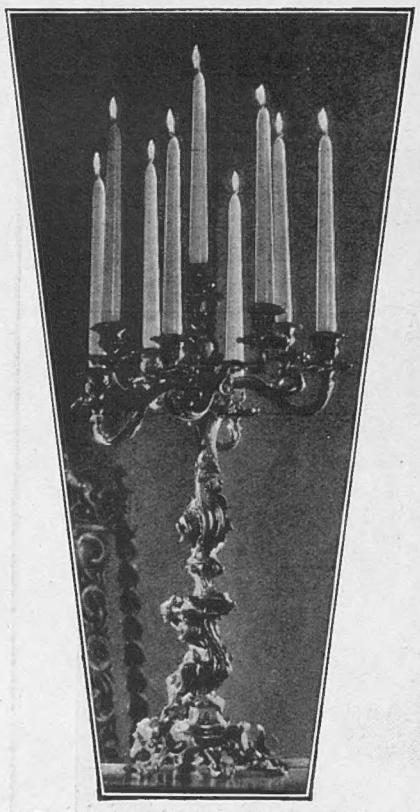
EVERY TIME.

Do you realise that every international event for stock model cars* (bar one) during the last three years has been won on Shell Oil! No hazard of luck—no virtue of good driving or of fine cars alone could produce such a series of triumphs for Shell Oil. It must be due largely to Shell Oil itself, the only constant factor.

TRIPLE Shell Lubricating OIL

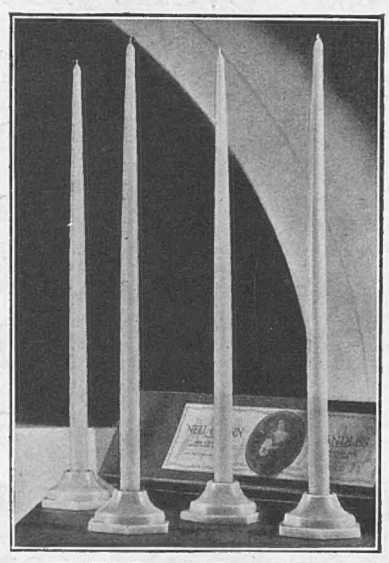
*J.C.C. "Double 12," 1929, 1930, 1931. Le Mans 24-hour Race, 1929, 1930, 1931. Dublin Grand Prix, 1929, 1930, 1931. Ulster T.T., 1929, 1931.

is the heavy grade—DOUBLE SHELL is the medium grade



FOR DECORATION

FOR LIGHTING



FOR GIFTS

This special gift box contains four 14" "Nell Gwynn" Candles with bases to match and costs only 5/-. If unobtainable locally, send remittance, and we execute post free.

FIELD'S

"NELL GWYNN"

Solid Dyed Candles

FREE: A Coloured "Nell Gwynn" Candle booklet will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. G, London, S.E. 1. Established 1642 in the Reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

MOTOR BOATS at the MOTOR SHOW

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

OLYMPIA.—As was the case in 1930, motor-boats of all sizes and descriptions will be on view at Olympia. Last year this section of the Exhibition was very popular, and now that motorists are taking more and more interest in watercraft of every kind this section will assume even greater importance than before. The exhibits are certainly more interesting and more varied, and the range displayed makes it possible for anyone who can afford a motor-car to add materially to his pleasure by purchasing a motor-boat.

Motor-boating has been given a great impetus this year by the interest taken in watercraft by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Everyone realizes that if motor-boating was not really a sporting pastime the Prince would have nothing to do with it. Again, the achievements of Mr. Kaye Don with Lord Wakefield's *Miss England II* have focussed the attention of the public on this side of motoring.

In the Motor-boat Section will be found a varied display of small outboard motor-boats, crafts which can be towed behind a motor-car on a trailer, and at the other end of the scale will be found luxurious cruisers which are to all intents and purposes floating houses.

On Stand 214, Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., are exhibiting examples of their products. Thornycrofts have for many years produced every type of motor-boat that could be used either for pleasure or commercially, and so their stand is one which must be inspected. Their display includes seven examples of marine engines ranging from 7½-h.p. up to 140-h.p. In addition there is staged a high-speed tender for sea-plane salvage, etc. The speed of this boat is 25 m.p.h., and the power developed by its engine is 220-h.p. The only other complete craft is a 14-ft. yacht's tender fitted with a Watermote inboard engine of 6-h.p. Space prevents a more comprehensive display.

Another stand in this section which is worth visiting is that on which the products of Vosper and Company, Limited, are staged. The exhibit consists of a 26-ft. Multi-step hydroplane. This boat demonstrates the class of workmanship which this firm turns out, and it is interesting to remember that this particular boat has been designed by Mr. Fred Cooper, who was responsible for *Miss England* and *Miss England II*. The boat preserves most of the sea-going qualities of an ordinary runabout, and in addition, by virtue of her hull, should be quite outstanding in the matter of speed. It is anticipated that with a 300-h.p. motor the boat should do 55 to 60 knots. The hull is exceedingly strong, being composed of Honduras mahogany and Canadian rock elm. The motor is situated in the extreme aft-end of the boat, the drive to the propeller being obtained by means of a gear-box. This arrangement permits all the seating accommodation to be situated amidships which, of course, is the best part of the boat. The design also enables a long foredeck to be fitted which takes any spray that may be flying in rough weather and ensures a dry boat.

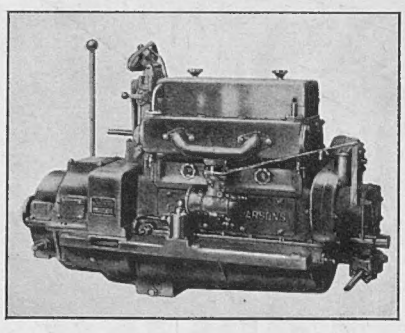
The Marine Section of the Motor Show should not be left before the engines on the stand of Messrs. W. H. Dorman and Co., Ltd., are inspected. This well-known firm of engine manufacturers, who make power units for all purposes, have a very comprehensive display. There are 4- and 6-cylinder, petrol, paraffin, and Diesel type engines. In addition there is a display of iron, aluminium, and aluminium alloy castings. Various other items, all of interest to the motor-boat enthusiast, are on view. Motorists are certain to be interested in Messrs. Dorman's stand as they are so well known in motoring.

Another name well known to motoring people is that of Morris, and visitors will, therefore, guide themselves to Stand 238, for there the great firm of Morris are showing their marine products. As might be expected, their chief feature is wonderful value for money. Like Morris cars these engines, particularly the 12–24-h.p. Navigator and the 18–50-h.p. Commodore, can be depended upon to give thoroughly reliable service at the very minimum of cost.

The latest developments in the motoring world, such as stainless steel and untarnishable metals and alloys, are now used extensively in every kind of watercraft. Their use here is perhaps of greater importance than in the motor-car world; in fact, a careful inspection of the stands in the Motor-boat Section will show that motor-car designs and developments have had very important effects on the sister industry. In the old days the average motor-boat engine, like that in the early motor-cars, was a slow-revving heavy unit, but to-day we see boats with small high revving light engines which give far smoother running than the older type.

On the Boulton and Paul Stand No. 224 will be found an interesting range of dynamo-lighting plants particularly suited for yachts. The most popular is that which has a vertical single-cylinder engine, complete with water-pump and sprung bedplate to damp out all vibrations. The engine of this plant can be run on either petrol or paraffin, and when running on the latter an electrically-heated vaporizer entirely eliminates the use of petrol or blow-lamps for starting up.

PARSON'S



A 25/45-h.p. four-cylinder marine engine suitable for a 30-35 ft. light launch or a twin-screw plant for a cruiser

THORNYCROFT

A 30-foot twin screw sea-going family cruiser with complete accommodation for four to six persons

A CORRECTION

In THE SPHERE of last week, the manufacture of the U.S. dirigible *Akron* was ascribed to the *Goodrich* Works; this should have been the *Goodyear* Works.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

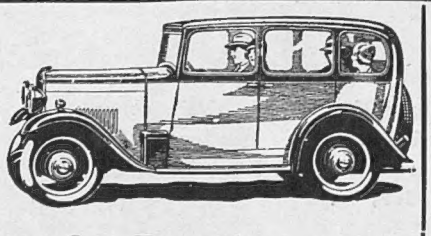
Amongst the crew of fifty on board the Royal Research Ship, *Discovery II*, which has set out on a scientific voyage of three years, there are four boys who received their training in the *Arethusa* Training Ship. It is felt that to have such a large proportion of *Arethusa* boys amongst the crew reflects great credit on the work being carried on by the Society. Funds are most urgently needed for all branches of the work. All gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

NEVER BEFORE!

Such QUALITY — VALUE — WIDE RANGE of MODELS—at such LOW PRICES. Triumph Super Seven, Super Nine and 6 cyl. Models for 1932 represent a programme without equal.

The new models, increased comfort luxury equipment and distinctive lines of beauty offer outstanding value at the vastly reduced prices - - from £140

Write for full details.



See Triumph cars on

STAND 7

OLYMPIA OCT. 15th—24th

TRIUMPH

The finest light cars in the world

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.1. (1st floor).

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Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
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Please send me THE SPHERE *weekly for* ____ *months, commencing with the issue of* ____

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Simple Method that Anyone Can Use to Develop the Powers of Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and to correct Undesirable Habits through the wonder-science of Suggestion. 80-page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method and a Psycho-Analysis Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.*" The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yoghis and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and the correction of undesirable habits through the wonder power of Suggestion.

Those who would use their natural powers to derive the maximum benefits in life, should read the AMAZING LETTER hereunder:

Mr. Alexander Paterson.

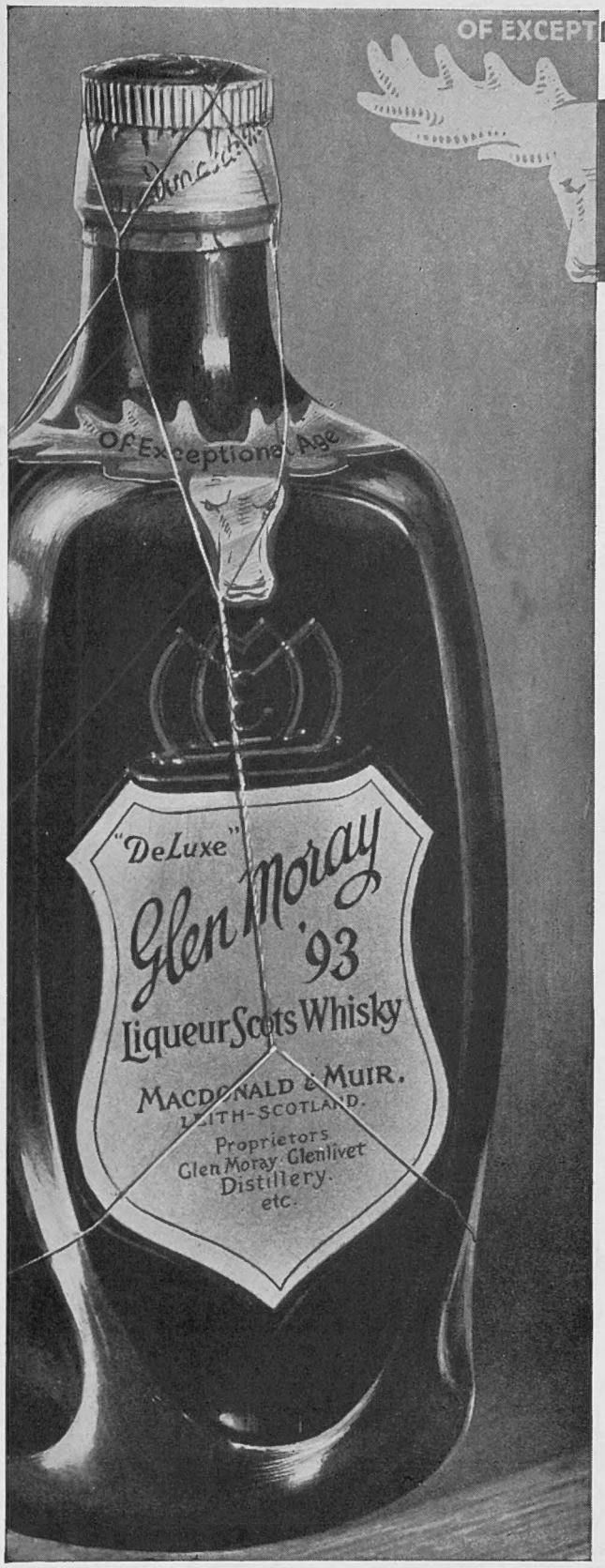
Mr. Alexander Paterson writes: "During many years of studious thought in the provinces of science and philosophy, the part of knowledge which interested me most, was the subject of Thought itself. Since enrolling as a student of your course, I have made the greatest discovery of my life. The discovery of SELF. Apart from the wonderful effect it has had upon my personality, I recognise it as one of the biggest possibilities of all times. The discovery of Self is not sufficient. It must be developed along right lines. That is the wonderful work which you are performing with your course. The exercises contained therein, if conscientiously carried out in their proper sequence, are wonderful in their effect upon the Mind and Personality of the Student. Education is important but knowledge of Self and its development is countless times more important and explains why sometimes, men too poor to obtain either college or university training, leave their mark on life."

The book which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"Noble thoughts enrich the mind
—And Mind is Man.
It is the POWER which lies behind
—I will—I CAN."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 540-C.), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 6d. Postal Order or stamps of your own country to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.



INTRODUCING

Glen Moray '93

to those who don't know it. It has been on the market for years, but never extensively advertised. A period of business depression may seem an inappropriate time to try to sell dearer Whisky; but "GLEN MORAY '93" will go *much further* than the 'Standard' Whiskies, and the difference (in the U.K.) is only a shilling —13/6. With *this* in your glass you will derive greater enjoyment. It is worth much more than the modest difference. Give it a trial.

"Glen Moray '93" is the finest product of the largest independent Distillers in Scotland, and elder brother of the famous

HIGHLAND QUEEN

10 YEARS OLD

THE WHISKY WITH THE BIG NAME

N.B.—The Agency for these Whiskies is open in a few Export Markets, and we shall be glad to hear from any Firms likely to be interested.

Aids to Beauty within the Reach of All

CLEAR, healthy skin and soft, lustrous hair are your best assets. They are so easy to lose through neglect, yet so easy to retain if you will only use **Cuticura Preparations** every day. The **Soap** cleanses, the **Ointment** heals and the **Talcum** imparts a pleasing fragrance.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Shaving Stick 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

See it with a 'VEDET' Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

Gives a new zest to holidays, rambles, tours, race meetings, regattas, etc., at home and abroad.

A powerful prismatic with magnification of eight diameters yet weighing only 7 ozs., and measuring but 4 ins. in length.

Prism binocular construction, but with only one barrel and easier focussing than possible with the far heavier binoculars.

You always see it —if you have a "VEDET."

Complete in soft leather bag for pocket or handbag
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Write for particulars.

W. WATSON & SONS, Ltd., 313 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices. **G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.**

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP Removes all dirt and brightens the colours. 9d. ball, sold everywhere. Send 1d. stamp for sample. F. Chivers & Co., Ltd., 12, Albany Works, Bath.

"Adelaide Island has the glassy sparkle, the fairylike insubstantiality, that mark with a beauty all their own certain islands near the Line. There is no mystery about it. The overhead, intensely vivid, sun wipes out all shadow, raising every light to highest power. Light of varnished leaves that flash beneath the fingers of the wind; blank fiery stare of sands; innumerable sparkling laughter of the sea — all these the sun, marching across the zenith, melts into one sole multicoloured blaze that seems to hang afloat, incredible, in the heliotrope-coloured sky. Yet, dreamlike as it appears, it is all as solid as Sydney Circular Quay, and if you live there long, you may come to loathe the barren loveliness of it, and wish yourself back on that same Circular Quay, with the ferry boats of Sydney chunking up to the wharves, and the Harbour Bridge rainbowing across a wintry sky. Or you may come to love it with a fatal love that eats you up, takes from you, one by one, ambition, friends, fortune, marriage, home; that drugs you, instead, with sun, and makes you drunk with beauty; gives you freedom that is too free, and love that burns like fire, but lasts no longer. You may find yourself, on Adelaide and her thousand sister islands, asking yourself throughout a lifetime the Celtic peasant's question, "Can a man be more than happy?" and finding no answer — until too late." .... You'll allow nothing to interrupt you when you read this story of the man who found the answer amid the glitter of gold. "The Golden Virgin" by Beatrice Grimshaw.

Read more this Winter — It is profitable and economical

I never saw a man go down a gangway so quickly. "THREE BAGS OF OPIUM" is a fast moving story in the October issue.

"GOOD MEN DON'T UNDERSTAND WOMEN..." *by Christine Jope-Slade*
"THREE BAGS OF OPIUM" *by Edgar Jepson and Patrick Bates*
"SHOOT THOSE CROONING TENORS" *by Hannen Swaffer*
"THE GOLDEN VIRGIN" *by Beatrice Grimshaw*
"QUEEN VICTORIA'S LOVE STORY" *by Hector Bolitho*
"ROCKETING TO THE STARS" *by Lady Drummond-Hay*
"THE WORLD'S MOST DIFFICULT FAMILY" *by Ferdinand Tuohy*
"BEING A FAMOUS NOVELIST ISN'T ALL BEER & SKITTLES" *by Gilbert Frankau*
"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS: DAYS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY: THE CAPTAIN OF KÖPENICK" *by Gordon Beckles*
"THE QUEST OF THE CAR IN 1932" *by The Earl of Cardigan*
"TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY: THE ASSASSINATION OF PAUL THE FIRST OF RUSSIA" *described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.*
"CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?" *by Theodora Benson*
"TRUTH IS MORE EXCITING THAN FICTION" *by Sydney Tremayne*
"ROOMS THAT ARE TWO-IN-ONE" *by Winifred Lewis*
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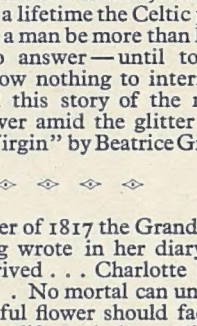

"In November of 1817 the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg wrote in her diary: 'The courier has arrived . . . Charlotte is dead! Good God! . . . No mortal can understand why this beautiful flower should fade at the morning of her life and drop off without fruit, with which she would have blessed her country.'

The Princess Charlotte's death robbed the English Crown of its heiress, but it also opened up the way to the Victorian succession and to a love story as tender as any in a graceful century.

A little time after Princess Charlotte's death the Duke of Kent crossed Europe to marry Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. Less than a year after this the Duke and the Duchess crossed Europe again, the Duke himself on the box of the carriage, so that they might be in England when their baby was born. The baby was to be Queen Victoria. Once on the slopes of Gibraltar, a gipsy had told the Duke that his daughter would be a great Queen, and it was not conceivable to him that she should be born in any country but England.

Later in the year Prince Albert was born in Coburg, and his mother wrote that he was 'pretty as an angel, with big blue eyes, a beautiful nose, quite a small mouth and dimples in his cheeks . . . He smiles the whole time.'

Sixteen years passed before Prince Albert came to England, to meet his future bride ...."

In "Queen Victoria's Love Story" by Hector Bolitho.

Some of the letters quoted in this article are from the Archives of Coburg and have never before been published in England.

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